WITHDRAWN

Some Chinese Friends of Mine

Mary Frances E. Kelly

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Some Chinese Friends of Mine

MARY FRANCES E. KELLY

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By

Mary Frances E. Kelly

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Cincinnati, Ohio
POWELL & WHITE

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To
My Mother

Whose Deep and Abiding Faith in God
so Instilled Reverence in my Early
Childhood that she laid
the Foundations for my
Missionary Career.

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PREFACE

It has been my privilege during my twenty-eight years in China to make close contacts with many classes of people.

On my furloughs in America I have endeavored to make my friends here acquainted with my friends there and thus these stories were told orally many times before they were committed to paper.

I have selected people who are interesting to myself and tried to picture them accurately. All the persons described are individuals whom I have known well; all the incidents related are actual happenings; all the conversations quoted are as exact as my memory can make them, aided by telling the dialogues to friends at the time and repeating them many times through the years.

Half the sketches were written in the hospital in Cedar Falls, Iowa. With the exception of one, all were written in America. This must account for the lack of additional information that might have been obtained and incorporated had they been written in China.

"Chen Da Ma" was published in "World Call." My thanks are due the editors for its use in this book.

If this book succeeds in making its readers better acquainted with the splendid people of China its mission will have been accomplished.

MARY FRANCES E. KELLY.

Ashland, Ohio, June 22, 1924

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INTRODUCTION

In "Some Chinese Friends of Mine" Miss Kelly has given us "mirrors" that flash from the world's farther side, faces and hearts that first stare and then smile at us.

Biography is unwearying romance and possesses unfading charm. The true stories of true lives cast their spell upon us.

Many have written and others have rewritten, out of inexhaustible abundance, the annals of the great figures of our humanity. The rarest because the most difficult and therefore the most charming of biographies are "the short and simple annals of the poor." Lincoln said "God must have loved common people; He made so many of them." There is a romance of the commonplace as fascinating as the epics of heroism, and the author has found that romance. These unembellished life stories open house doors and heart doors in China, and by an artistry of true love for her Chinese friends Miss Kelly makes them friends of the reader.

These tales of the wayside and hearthside will grip you. Through them you will esteem anew the qualities of true manhood and womanhood that exist among those whom difference of color and condition have estranged from our appreciation.

Miss Kelly is a missionary. For twenty-seven years she has made her "house by the side of the road" at South Gate, Nanking. She has lived in a Chinese house, eaten Chinese food, traveled

in Chinese fashion, put up in Chinese inns. She knows Chinese life from within and interprets Chinese character with the sympathetic understanding of one who has become Chinese for the sake of these Chinese friendships of which she now writes.

This book illustrates as few books do the Christion method of friendship as the medium of the transforming power of the Christian Gospel. Friendship is the peculiar genius of the Chinese and the author found an Open Sesame for the message and spirit of Him who said, "I have called you friends." This book abounds in illustrative material and dramatic recitation. In an age when the urge to self-expression results in such fantastic and contradictory manifestations, these life stories, which show what one life can achieve through the self-expression of love and devotion to others, will recall the reader to that true self-expression which is both perfect freedom and perfect happiness.

Here is the contrast between the dominating, exploiting, enslaving force of self-seeking individualism, and the penetrating, transforming force of God-illumined and God-inspired personality. Individualism makes servants. Personality makes friends. The need of the world torn by the inevitable expression of egoistic individualism is for the healing grace of kindly personalities. There are those who exploit their fellow-men and write long, sad chapters in the history of self-centered achievement. And there are those who serve their fellows and thereby write glorious and enduring pages in the records of the progress of men and nations.

The men and women of these Chinese idylls have felt the touch of a penetrating but gracious Christian personality, and have made response to the ideal which consciously or unconsciously is the quest of every heart.

Both the student and the casual reader will enjoy and profit by this book. It enriches the literature of Christian Missions. It adds new chapters to the Romance of Friendship.

R. H. MILLER,

Kansas City, Mo.

Some Chinese Friends of Mine

CHAPTER I.

MA SEIN SUNG—THE TEACHER

Ma is translated Horse; Sein Sung, Foremost-Life, the title given literary men showing the high esteem in which they are held. Hence, Ma Sein Sung means Mr. Horse.

MA SEIN SUNG was in every way a contrast to his predecessor, Chang Sein Sung. Chang Sein Sung, my first teacher, was fat and when settled in his pundit's chair always suggested an immovable mass—immovable mentally and physically. Ma Sein Sung was tall and gaunt and walked with a firm step far more military than literary.

Chang Sein Sung was the honorable possessor of an A. B. Degree. I was told he had much Chinese learning inside of him which I was supposed to get out. It never dawned upon him that he was supposed to communicate it to me. That was far beneath his dignity. If I asked questions, of course he must answer them as politely and briefly as possible. Ma Sein Sung boasted no Degree. In fact, he was looked upon by the literati with contempt because he had never been able to pass his first examination,—write an essay in superb literary style. This essay must consist of quotations from the classics so woven together as to make a beautiful mosaic of a somewhat original design. While Ma Sein Sung had never been able to fashion his mosaic to suit the taste of the examiners to the extent that they would issue him an A. B. Degree, he was willing to communicate what he had to me.

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When Chang Sein Sung came to me I was told that I must teach him how to teach. Since I knew no word of Chinese and he no word of English, you may imagine the progress of the normal lessons!

Ma Sein Sung knew how to teach; his blind father had taught him this. Mr. Huberty James, a synologue of Peking, who was later killed in the siege of Peking, told me Ma Sein Sung's father had been the finest instructor in the Chinese language he had ever known. As he grew old and his sight failed, he took this young son with him to be his eyes in reading the Chinese characters. In that way the boy had heard all his father's explanations and illustrations and he got his normal methods by direct contact. So Ma Sein Sung could teach and oh, what a joy to me after my struggle of seven months with Chang Sein Sung!

While I was studying with Chang Sein Sung, our senior missionary and finest linguist said, "You must talk with your teacher. Don't spend all your time on books. Talk."

The few words I knew were formed into questions. Each time I was answered in a monosyllable. When my vocabulary was exhausted I cried in desperation: "Teacher Chang, I want to talk."

"What do you want to say?" was his bland reply. The word I used for talk could also be translated speak. There was a special word for converse, which I had not learned. When I told my associates of this incident, they roared with

laughter over my mistake, but after twenty-seven years of experience, I still think if Chang Sein Sung had had a grain of imagination, after observing my desperate attempt at conversation he would have divined my meaning.

Ma Sein Sung could anticipate one's meaning. Oh, what a rest and satisfaction!

In one respect, however, these two gentlemen were alike, that was in the dirty clothes they wore. Each wore the short black satin jacket over the long blue gown. But the sleeves of the jacket were short and in cold weather many pairs of dirty sleeves would come down several inches below the satin ones.

When your pundit is sitting just opposite you at a table three feet wide, pointing to the characters that he is wanting you to pronounce in the book just in front of you, those sleeves are in a position for close inspection.

However, something comes even closer than the sleeves—the hands. Though these men were so different, the hands of either might have been the envy of any scion of an aristocratic house. When a girl, I read a novel in which the hands of the heroine, who was a princess, were described. The glowing eulogy said: "It had taken generations to produce those hands." Yes, many generations of idleness or at least freedom from physical toil. The Chinese literati and their offspring have that kind of hands, and the number of generations they have been in the making would probably make those of the princess seem very meager.

What is the psychology back of the fashion of the long finger nail in China? Is it not the desire to furnish a proof incontestable that the owner of them does no manner of physical labor? What physical labor **could** anyone perform with finger nails from two to four inches long? These, for nine-tenths of the time, must be kept carefully ensconced in sleeves. It was so much the habit of these gentlemen to keep each hand so closely tucked into the opposite sleeve that I used to wonder if they thought it immodest to show their hands. But when that hand did come out of the sleeve, what a shapely, cultured one it was, and as white and as soft as a baby's! But oh, the finger nails—the preservers of those hands! In addition to their clawlike appearance, they were dirty—very dirty. Manicuring had never been dreamed of in China. I had a friend, who told her husband she could not study with their Chinese teacher because his finger nails positively nauseated her. Her husband being a gallant gentleman and fond of his wife, asked the teacher to cut his nails. The gentleman was so utterly dumbfounded that he was sure he must have misunderstood his pupil. He sent a middleman to find out if the American gentleman could possibly have asked him to cut his finger nails. When assured that he had understood quite correctly, he resigned. My friends were obliged to put up with a very inferior instructor after that—one that needed a position so badly that he was willing to sacrifice his finger nails to get it. It was like being asked to

give up the insignia of one's rank for a position. A proud person has to be very hungry to do that.

Chang Sein Sung's hands were fat and shapely and his nails long and dirty. Ma Sein Sung's hands were long and slender and exquisitely molded, but he boasted long nails on only his little fingers and the fingers next to them. On the left hand the little finger nail was probably two inches long and the one next to it an inch long, while those of the right hand were shorter. Ma Sein Sung was far too active a man to be able to care for his finger nails in the approved fashion. This may have been another reason why he was not holding his literary standing among his fellows.

Ma Sein Sung was very conservative. He hotly denied that it was a good thing for China to have communication with other countries. China was quite sufficient unto herself. He declared himself disloyal because he was wearing a gown made of cotton cloth from abroad.

"But, Teacher," I protested, thinking I had hit upon a very simple, but effective illustration, "you get your matches from abroad. Surely you do not think it a mistake to buy matches."

"I do indeed," he replied. "It is an extravagance."

"But the time, Teacher, think of the time you save!"

"Oh, the time, that is nothing. While one would be striking his flint he would be doing nothing else anyway, probably. I am opposed to matches."

The comparative value of Chinese and Western customs would naturally arise for discussion. He, of course, was always sure the Chinese way was far superior to ours. One time the family came up for discussion; and I, being so sure I had the advantage there, said: "Surely, Ma Sein Sung, you will agree with me that for a young married couple to go to themselves and make their own home is better than for all the sons to bring their wives home and live under the same roof with the parents."

"I dare not tell you what we think about that," he snapped.

"Why not?" I innocently asked.

"Because I would offend you."

My curiosity was aroused. I must know.

"Tell me, Ma Sein Sung. I promise you I will not be offended."

I think he rather exulted in his opportunity to do so.

"We say you are just like animals. You stay with your parents as long as they do for you. But when that is no longer necessary you go off and selfishly make a home for yourselves and let the old people get on as best they can in their declining years when they need the personal ministrations of their children."

How well I remember the coup d'etat of 1898. While the old Empress Dowager was shut up in her summer palace with instructions that she should not be disturbed on any account, the young emperor surrounded by a group of young men was issuing edicts for all kinds of reform.

When at last the old officials, most of whom had been relieved of their offices, could respect the wish of the Empress for retirement no longer, one of them, a favorite, took his life in his hands and visited the summer palace. On hearing his report, the anger of the Empress Dowager knew no bounds. How the young emperor, Kang Hsu, was made a prisoner and most of the reformers were beheaded is a matter of history.

When China was all excited over these events that were taking place, Mr. Meigs, who had been a former pupil of Ma Sein Sung, called one morning. He immediately began to praise the reforms of the young emperor and deplore the action of the Empress Dowager. Ma Sein Sung was in arms at once. "The Empress Dowager had only done her duty. What right had that young upstart of an emperor to be changing customs that had existed in China for centuries?"

The argument was long and heated. I almost held my breath. How dared Mr. Meigs be so outspoken to Ma Sein Sung!

At the end, however, Mr. Meigs laughed and said: "Ma Sein Sung you take my advice and wake up. If you don't some day you will find your country going ahead, and you will be left far behind."

Ma Sein Sung smiled too, which greatly relieved my high tension. After Mr. Meigs was gone, I said: "You and Mr. Meigs feel very strongly on the opposite sides of a question and are very frank with each other."

"Yes, Mr. Meigs and I are very good friends."

That gave me a new insight into and appreciation for the character of Ma Sein Sung. While bitterly disagreeing with Mr. Meigs, he respected and loved him. He was broader than I had thought. Mr. Meigs later proved that with him, too, the friendship was real.

Some years after, Ma Sein Sung took a position in Shanghai where much higher wages were paid. His large growing family seemed to demand that he do so. He died there very suddenly. Mr. Meigs secured scholarships for his two sons, who had entered the Christian Boys' School. They continued in school until they graduated from the University. Now both of them are Christians.

Ma Sein Sung was a Mohammedan. He could explain the Bible when one was studying it with him. Had he not written a book of sermons—good gospel sermons, too, he thought they were—and a book of prayers for his pupils? These they studied for forms of expression but not for doctrine, I imagine.

After studying with Ma Sein Sung for some months I asked him his own personal opinion of Christianity.

"It is a good religion, but it was intended for the Jews."

"For the Jews only?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, for the Jews only. Every nation has its own religion or religions, and that is as it should be."

I was young in those days. How utterly baffled

I felt. Here was a man who had been reading the New Testament for years with his pupils. He must know intimately of the life of Christ. I had read a couple of the Gospels with him myself. Had that life made no appeal to his soul? It was hard to tell. Pride in their own religions and philosophies placed the literati so strongly on the defensive. Would it not be unpatriotic to grant that there could be a religion superior to the Chinese religions? That seemed to be Ma Sein Sung's attitude not only toward religion, but toward everything.

One day he unexpectedly gave me a glimpse of his standards for motives of conduct. I had gotten to where I was slowly laboring my way through the Classics. I had read several books of Confucius and was now reading Mencius. The books of Confucius are just what their name indicates—analects—sayings picked up in a fragmentary way and put together without much idea of order or sequence. The sayings are good and show wonderful insight for the time in the world's history when they were uttered—before 500 B. C. But one thought is not developed before you leap right into the middle of another. The analects are largely answers by Confucius to questions of his disciples. These disciples seem to have written these conversations down just as they happened to think of them.

The works of Mencius are presented in a much more logical way. There is also original thought that seemed to me to be more scholarly than that of Confucius. As my admiration for the

writings of Mencius grew, I inquired one day: "Ma Sein Sung, why do your people admire Confucius so much more than Mencius? To my mind these books of Mencius are much more readable than those of Confucius and contain much original thought."

"Oh, it was the character of Confucius that we admire. Confucius was entirely unselfish in his service to his generation. Mencius was always well paid for his services. Confucius served his state, regardless of pay, so long as his advice was followed. If a prince refused to take his advice he left, no difference how large a salary the prince was paying him."

How long is it going to take people individually to discover that "He who would be greatest among you shall be your servant?" The Chinese seemed to have found it out nearly two thousand five hundred years ago.

Why do I count Ma Sein Sung among my friends? He was a Mohammedan and consequently had a low estimate of woman. When Mr. Meigs told him I was in need of a teacher and asked if he would instruct me, he frankly said that he would prefer to teach a man. As there were no men looking for teachers just then he was obliged to accept me as a pupil. Having done so, he spared no pains. He labored with me as an indulgent parent might have labored with a stupid child. No matter how often I forgot, he patiently told me over again. He was always a gentleman though very frank; he never groveled and never flattered. He was never too

polite to tell me of my mistakes. He never showed signs of weariness or impatience or disgust when he had to repeat the same lessons over and over again.

Had the Nazarene, quite unconsciously on Ma Sein Sung's part, been influencing his life? Whence this straightforwardness, this devotion to duty, this faithfulness to his pupil though she was a woman and a despised foreigner?

These were rare qualities to find in a proud literati of those days. This is a rare combination of qualities to find in any land in any place, and it is a Christian production.

In that formative period of his life, when studying the Bible for his father's pupils and associating with those Christian gentlemen, had he absorbed their standards as naturally and unconsciously as he had his father's normal methods?

Ma Sein Sung for your unswerving faithfulness in your difficult duty to me, I count you as one of my best friends. I am glad your sons have had their chance.

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CHAPTER II.

CHEN DA-MA—MY RIGHT HAND

Chen means Announce; Da-ma, Great-mother, also used for Aunt. Hence, Aunt Announce.

IN the spring of 1897, Miss Emma A. Lyon and I were living together in rooms of the Christian Girls' School in the city of Nanking, China, in the shadow of the old Drum Tower. Miss Lyon had been living in China for more than four years while I had been there but a few months.

We had a man and his wife working for us, the man as cook and his wife as maid. The man had proved to be very unsatisfactory. Believing in the ability of our sex, we decided to train a woman as cook, though it was against the advice of our friends who declared emphatically that no Chinese woman could learn to cook our western dishes. When the cook was dismissed his wife also left to save face.

We then employed a faithful Christian woman, Ju Da-ma, who had worked for Americans though she had never cooked. She was about forty years old. As we needed a maid she said she had a friend, Chen Sao-dzi, a quite young widow whom she could recommend for the position. She told us her friend was not a Christian but that she was a very "proper" person, in fact unusual in her decorum and morals for so young a widow. We asked her to call her friend and to aid in teaching her the work. This she did gladly.

In the beginning Chen Sao-dzi seemed very much confused in our presence. In after years she told us she was "frightened unto death" of foreigners and that but for Ju Da-ma, her trusted friend, who had urged her to come and then to stay, her courage would have failed without even having given us a trial. Can you be surprised, when she had always been told that foreigners dug out people's eyes and hearts for medicine, and other equally horrible tales? In those days she was a devout Buddhist. From the time of her husband's death, several years before, she had been a vegetarian. She had sworn to eat no meat on certain days of the month, in honor of the god Dzwen di.

In after years she told us how serious a matter this had been to her. One fast day some one, to play a joke on her, had put a piece of meat in her bowl under the rice. She ate the rice until she came in sight of this meat and then she went out and vomited every bite she had eaten, retching long after, "because of doubt and fear," she afterward told us. "In those days I thought it no sin to gamble," she said, "but to me the unpardonable sin was to eat meat on a fast day."

Coming into a Christian home and school where we had morning and evening prayers the cook saw to it that Chen Sao-dzi was present at prayers at least once a day. Soon disturbing thoughts came to her. What if these foreigners were right? She roomed with her friend Ju Da-ma. Every morning this faithful child of God would kneel down in her private devotions.

"Why are you doing that?" was Chen Sao-dzi's question to her one day. "The foreigners are not here now!"

"I do not pray to foreigners but to the unseen God," was her friend's reply.

"I thought she was a poor deluded fool on this one subject," she told us years afterwards, "though so sensible about everything else and so good."

As time went on, she became more and more uneasy in her mind. In fact, she described it later as a great battle going on in her heart. She sincerely wanted to know the truth. Had she not kept her vow with Dzwen di? These years of merit had been stored up to her credit. Dared she now risk throwing this all away for this foreign religion that sounded so good but must surely have a snare in it somewhere for unwary believers?

She had been with us more than a year when our Bible woman's little girl, a child of five, took sick. This child's entire life had been spent where she had almost daily heard the gospel very simply told to those who knew it not. Her father, Mr. Feng, was our first resident preacher in Nantungchow. In those early days it was impossible to rent desirable property there. The Feng family had been compelled to live in a very damp, unhealthful house. Mr. Feng's general health became greatly impaired so that he was an easy victim when cholera attacked him, thus becoming our first martyr in Nantungchow. After his death his wife placed their two older

daughters in a girls' school in Shanghai. When Miss Lyon opened the Christian Girls' School in the autumn of 1896, Mrs. Feng brought her two younger children with her to Nanking and became matron of the school and Bible woman.

When groups of heathen women would come to see us, as many did, little Amah would stand on a bench and sing the four verses of "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," for a testimony. She said she was doing it for Jesus. She would often say then to Chen Sao-dzi, "You must repent and trust Jesus." The child was very much in earnest and her words had their influence on the woman who was denying herself of meat to save her soul.

In the summer of 1898, Amah's baby sister died and later she herself took dysentery. From the time she first became ill she said it was no use for them to give her medicine as she was going to Jesus and her father and little sister. This touched Chen Sao-dzi's heart for she loved the child very much and she wanted to talk with her about spiritual things, but she was far too shy and proud to do it before adults. She schemed to get everyone out of the room, even Amah's mother, so that she might question the child. When alone she said, "You say you are going to heaven and to Jesus. Can I go?"

"Not unless you repent and love Jesus," was Amah's prompt reply.

"Must I break my vegetarian vow?"

"Yes, and trust Jesus only."

In a day or two she passed away. Before pass-

ing, she said she saw the angels and her little sister. This made a very indelible impression on Chen Sao-dzi's mind and after that the battle in her heart became fiercer than ever.

When Ju Da-ma would kneel down to pray at night, Chen Sao-dzi would sometimes have the impulse to kneel with her. Then all the stubbornness of her very obstinate nature would arise and she would stiffen her back and say proudly to herself that she would cling to her own Chinese religion. She described the vision that came to her at that time.

"One night a very beautiful person came and stood by my bedside in white, shining garments and looked down into my eyes with the kindest expression I have ever seen on any face. He said, 'You have seen a little light; follow the light; don't go back into the darkness.' I aroused myself with a start and was greatly frightened. I thought to myself, 'I must get on my knees and pray.' Then that contrary voice with bitter rebellion said, 'I am a fool. Why should I let a dream influence me? I will not.' And in great anger I lay there. After a little time the same person came again and with the same kind voice and look said, 'You have seen a little light; follow the light; don't go back into darkness.' This time I got out of bed and onto my knees but the rebellion came with even greater power. I laughed scornfully at finding myself in this posture and called myself a fool indeed, and arose without uttering one

word of prayer. I felt great shame that I should have been deluded into so stupid an act.

"Before long the person came again and with even greater tenderness and longing said, 'You have seen a little light; follow the light; don't go back into the darkness. I will not come again.' This time, in great conviction and humility and fear I got onto my knees and surrendered my heart to God in a broken, inarticulate prayer."

The next day she broke her vegetarian vow to the god Dzwen di. This time when she ate meat it did not make her sick for, as she herself said, "There was no doubt in my heart now that I must trust Jesus for salvation."

After some time, when Chen Sao-dzi had continuously shown herself to be a Christian approved by all of the church, one of the Christian workers in the hospital thought he would like to have her for a wife. He sent his "middleman" to me to ask me to act as "go between" with her. I protested, but I was assured by his advocate that that was the proper procedure in China. I objected, that I felt sure she would not marry that man. His spokesman said I could not know that unless I asked her, and that I had no right to keep her from getting a perfectly good Christian husband.

Very much against my better judgment I consented to convey the man's wishes to her. When I presented his suit, oh, what a display of oriental indignation I saw! She burst into angry tears and said if I did not want her as a servant,

why had I not told her so plainly, instead of insulting her. I tried to explain that I was not expressing my own wishes at all but only acting as spokesman in behalf of the would-be bridegroom. Explanations availed nothing. Here was I, a single woman, suggesting marriage to her, a widow, who even before becoming a Christion had taken the vow of celibacy! My conduct was not only immodest; it was almost immoral. I was beginning to learn that the widows' arches erected by the rich all over China in memory of their women who remain true to the memories of dead husbands had their influence on all grades of society. To a widow who values purity, no greater insult can be offered than to seriously suggest that she marry again.

I asked the Bible woman to act as peacemaker, but she being a widow also, had scant patience with me for making so great a blunder. I pleaded ignorance of course. But she seemed to feel that my intuition as a single woman should have taught me better. (And it had, if I had only followed it!) After assuring her that I had been over-persuaded by being told it was Chinese custom, she finally did her best for me and Chen Sao-dzi reluctantly consented to stay with us.

It was not long before I had an opportunity to prove my appreciation of and love for her. She came down with a bad attack of ulceration of the stomach. Her hemorrhages were so bad that the doctor feared for her life for some time. It took long weeks of careful and difficult nursing. This I gave her with all my heart and it

cemented a bond between us that was never broken.

About a year after Chen Sao-dzi's sickness I was ill myself early in the hot season. It was Sunday morning. When she was doing the work in my room I said to her, "You place fresh drinking water at my bedside and everything else I shall need within reach and you can go to church as usual."

She said, "I have a plan which I thought out in the night. It is this. After all the others go to church I will bring the Bible and you can read and I will pray. We can have our worship together. Please let us do that way."

I consented, when I saw how much her heart was set upon it. When she was praying she broke down and cried. This was very unusual for her, for she always prayed in a very natural tone of voice as one speaks to a friend who is very near and very sympathetic.

I wondered if something had been done or said to wound her sensitive nature. On rising she was still weeping. As soon as I thought she could answer me, I asked, "Has anything been done or said to hurt your feelings?" She replied, "Oh, no," and as soon as she could control herself she continued. "You remember that yesterday the Bible woman and Mrs. Hwan were invited to go to the Widows' Home. Such an invitation is very difficult to obtain. There are those six hundred widows without a ray of light or a glimpse of hope. I know what a Chinese widow's heart is like. It is just as though it

were bound up tight in a strong bandage without any dream of release. When I think that yesterday we had the opportunity of taking Christ, who gives liberty to the captive and freedom and joy, to those women, and because of sickness could not go, it nearly breaks my heart."

This was the beginning of our special interest in the Widows' Home. This is a Chinese government institution that has been in existence for many years, perhaps centuries. Here widows of good reputation, who are highly recommended by responsible people, are given a home with their children. The government provides the buildings and rice and fuel for the inmates. They must furnish their own clothing and whatever food they want besides their rice.

Before we were allowed regular admittance, when in fact I had been asked by the official in charge not to come again, because they had religions of their own and did not want a foreign one taught them, we opened a school for the daughters of the widows, hoping that the children would bear the gospel message of freedom to their mothers. Gradually the opposition melted and now for many years our Bible women make weekly visits to both the Home and the Annex and I can go and come at my pleasure.

Widows have been baptized, one of whom graduated from our Women's Bible Training School and is now a teacher and one of our best and most faithful workers. The daughters of some of the widows have become Christians. Some

of them are in our grade and high schools, some are teaching and some are in Christian homes of their own.

Chen Sao-dzi's prayer of more than twenty years ago is still being answered, for among our last baptisms was a very lovely, educated woman from the Widows' Home.

It is our custom in our missionary work to have every one study who is willing to do so, especially the inquirers and Christians. If a woman does not know how to read we teach her; if she does, we give her assignments in the Bible. All Christians should be able to read the Word of God in order to be able to secure their own spiritual food independently. Chen Sao-dzi studied most arduously. She longed to be able to read the Bible. Indeed she always thought afterwards that it was her anxiety over learning to read that caused her to have those hemorrhages of the stomach.

She had a wonderful auditory memory. It seemed as if she remembered everything she ever heard. She could repeat thousands of Chinese proverbs. No circumstance ever arose for which she did not have a proverb on the tip of her tongue. If you asked her if she thought it would rain today, she would look at Purple Mountain and if a cloud was hovering over it she would say, "Yes, I think so. 'Purple Mountain is wearing its hat.'"

If there was a piece of work that any one of several people should be doing, but no one was doing it, she would quote, "If there is one priest

living in a temple, he carries two buckets of water on a pole. If there are two priests they carry one bucket on a pole between them. If there are three priests there is no water to drink."

If you asked her if she understood something that she herself felt she did not know much about, she would quote, "I only know a little about the skin and hair," meaning a bit of surface knowledge. If some Chinese Christian was rather indifferent ordinarily, and then in trouble was very zealous in worship she would say, "Our Chinese proverb says, 'When death is about to descend, he clasps Buddha's feet.' "

In preaching she would quote, "Man does not know; God does. You can deceive men; not God." "Being born you bring nothing; dying you take nothing." "Virtue has its reward; sin its punishment." If some one was wasting his time, she would quote, "An inch of opportunity is an inch of gold. If you lose gold you may search for it; if you lose opportunity there is no place where it may be found." Her exhaustless supply of these proverbs familiar to her people, so aptly used, made her preaching very interesting. She remembered all the Bible stories and could tell them with good effect. On this point Eva Raw Baird writes:

"Unable to read a word, her knowledge of the Scriptures was remarkable. How well I remember one itinerating trip in which she was using a simple New Testament narrative in our meetings. She made a slight error every time she

1. MRS. YU; 2. HSIA KWEI-JEN; 3. CHEN DA-MA

told the story. Finally I called her attention to it. 'Why,' she said, 'I've told it that way several times; why did you not correct me before?' I answered that I was afraid I might hurt her feelings. 'Feelings,' she said, 'Would you let me speak the words of the Lord wrongly to save my feelings?' I never did again."

I always took her with me on itinerating trips. She was quite as good a preacher as any of us. She knew the sorrows and dark superstitions of the Chinese mind from bitter experience. She appreciated her release from that bondage so greatly that she longed for every one of her people to know the same Savior.

Some sad-faced woman would say to us, "I have no husband and no son, no one to depend on." Chen Sao-dzi would reply, "I too have no husband and no son but I depend on Jesus." They would then be interested to know who this was who could take the place of husband and son.

Her description of her own conversion and her peace and joy and perfect satisfaction in the love of Christ had a very telling effect on their poor hungry hearts. The reality of her own deep experience made her speak with such deep conviction that no one ever doubted but that she was absolutely sure of what she was saying. Eva Raw Baird said of her in this kind of service:

"How realistic her preaching was! I can see her with an audience of country women picturing the judgment. And she would add, 'You

cannot say you never heard. For up yonder they will tell you that on such a date of such a year a woman named Chen proclaimed the Word of the Lord in your village.' Oh, I wonder if she has found some who are grateful to the woman named Chen!"

But with all her efforts she could not learn to read. Her visual memory was very poor. In fact, I doubt if she could see form at all clearly. I remember the first time I ever showed her a photograph. It was of some of my own family. She turned it sideways and upside down and did not seem to be able to make anything out of it in any position. She never could remember direction. If we went over the same country road a score of times she never could tell where to turn the next time we came to that point. She said there were only two characters that she could recognize and they were the characters for Jesus. She doubtless concentrated on these two, the name of the One she so dearly loved, until they were indelibly stamped on her memory in spite of her limitation. In after years I heard her say in a meeting once that she believed it was God's will that she could not learn to read. She said, "I believe if I had been able to read I should have been so proud the Lord never could have used me." She was proud naturally and it is probably true that some of her humility which was such an asset in her personal work might have been lost.

She always arranged her work so she could go with one of the pupils of the Bible Training

School in their evangelistic work on Friday. This opportunity of going out into some home or homes weekly was a very sacred privilege to her, with which nothing must be allowed to interfere.

She never allowed any opportunity to slip by without testifying to her Lord. Was it the postman who came or the grocer's delivery boy or a servant-woman or mother who was escorting some little girl to school, she would always make some opportunity of speaking to them of Christ. Whenever people came to see me, whether an educated or an official lady or a beggar woman or a high school senior boy or a little child, while waiting for me she would somehow manage to tell them in a tactful way of the excellencies of her Lord. And they never resented it. After her passing, a classical teacher of the old school who has taught for us for many years and yet has never surrendered his heart to Christ, said to me, "She was a truly wonderful woman. Though she was a servant, she had a very refined heart." That from one who is so formal and dignified and who so rarely praises any one, seemed to be the highest tribute.

As Chen Sao-dzi grew in grace and age and influence, her name gradually changed to Chen Da-ma (Great Mother). People just naturally gave it to her.

Chen Da-ma's parents had been dead many years. She had an only brother who lived on rented land and was very poor and had a large family of children. One time when she went to

see them she returned with one of his daughters, a niece about four years old, whom she said she had adopted. With our western economic standards it seemed the height of folly for one who had no home but the place where she worked and an income of about two dollars per month, after her board was paid, to adopt a child. But she was highly elated over her acquisition.

She put her in the kindergarten and said she wanted to educate her. She announced in the beginning that she had no ambition for her to become a brilliant scholar. She only asked that she become a good Christian and a useful woman. The child was slow in learning and after a few years I suggested that she take her home and exchange her for a niece with more ability who could make better use of her educational advantages. Her look of surprise and bewilderment remains with me still. "Exchange a daughter! Why, she is mine; I adopted her. One cannot exchange a daughter!"

Her attitude on this subject was expressed later in my hearing to a young widow who was our cook. This young woman got what was considered very good pay for a Chinese, three dollars per month, beside her board. Her relatives always came around with some hard luck story about pay day and managed to worm her money out of her, because she was so good-natured. Chen Da-ma was disgusted. "Why don't you adopt a child?" she asked her. "Then your money would not be frittered away as it is now. You could save at least one person for the Lord

and place one woman equipped to do her work in the world." I felt rebuked for all the years I had considered her a fool for adopting that slow-learning niece. After the rest of us thought it a waste of time she kept her in school. The girl did plod along, finished grammar school and later graduated from the Bible Training School. Now she is taking nurse's training in the splendid hospital at Tsinan and her superior told me a few days ago that she is greatly pleased with her. The fact that her niece had been accepted to take this training course cheered Chen Da-ma's last days. That Deh Jun, her niece, would be in a position to minister to both the physical and spiritual needs of the sick and dying appealed to Chen Da-ma's imagination. She felt that her many years of prayer and labor and deprivation (for she often went hungry to keep this girl in school) were being rewarded at last.

This adopted daughter cared for her during her last sickness before going to the hospital. She spent the day with her in the hospital just two days before her passing. She was with her during her last conscious moments and after, and performed the last ministrations before death. With the Chinese these ministrations are to bathe and dress the dying for burial. They do not like to touch the body after the breath has ceased. She did for her all that a daughter could do for a mother.

In 1900 all North China was like one seething cauldron from Boxers. Early in June we began

hearing mutterings of the coming storm. On June 17 the foreign legations were placed under fire and for two months that bombardment never ceased. While it continued, the rest of the world was unable to get any word from the beleaguered city. During the first month of that time we remained in Nanking while the air was charged with horrible rumors of what was taking place in the north and what was about to take place with us.

After hearing the reports of how Christians were being slaughtered in the north, we made up our minds we would not desert our little flock. But on July 18 the order came from the American consul asking all American citizens to go to Shanghai. That was one of the hardest days of my life. It seemed to us that the voice of God said, "stay" and the voice of man said, "go." We called a few of our trusted Christians together and told them of the order, asking them what they thought we should do. They, to whom the word of an official was like a command of God, said, "You must go, of course."

"But what will you do in case of an attack?" we asked.

Our faithful old gateman was the spokesman. "We will take care of the place as long as possible, of course. But if the place were really attacked by a large mob, our staying would be useless. In that case we would flee and when we got an hour's distance from home no one would know us. They would not know we were Christians and we could hide. But you cannot hide. Every-

one knows you are foreigners and we would not leave you. So in trying to protect you we should probably be killed together. Your staying will really endanger us." That decided us. We began to pack.

Now came our dealings with Chen Da-ma. "I am going with you," she said.

"But I cannot take you," I replied.

"You will have to take me for I will not leave you."

"But you will be in danger if you are with me, a foreigner."

"I will die with you, but I will not leave you," was her decided reply. I saw I had to present a different motive.

"I am going to Shanghai," I said. "Already it is filled with refugees. I do not know where I am going. I shall have to ask someone to take me in. I cannot ask them to take two people, when it is only necessary to take one." She was baffled but not convinced. A sadder face I never saw than hers when we left. To show you how different was her attitude during the rebellion of 1911, when there was an opportunity to serve God in a different capacity, I will give you Eva Raw Baird's account:

"We forsaw the siege of Nanking. Miss Kelly was on furlough and I was the only foreigner at the South Gate. I told Chen Da-ma that when the American consul ordered me out, I would have to go, perhaps only to the north city where our other missionaries were, possibly to Shanghai, and that I wanted her to be ready to go

with me. She answered me calmly, 'I am not going.'

" 'Not going,' I said, 'Why not? You must go. I want to protect you and I am responsible to Miss Kelly for your safety.'

" 'No,' she said, 'I am not going. The widows in the Home (recent converts in a government institution), are talking of suicide now. If I stay I can bolster up their faith and help them in this trying time. Then it will be better to have someone living here. Your place will be less likely to be looted if it is occupied. I can look after your things.'

"I told her things did not matter and tried to make her see that there was real danger. 'Yes,' she said, 'I know, but if worst comes to worst I can put my head on the block and be in heaven in five minutes.'

"Truly for her to die was gain. I had to be away during the siege, and when I came back after five weeks in Shanghai, here was Chen Da-ma calmly bearing witness to the keeping power of her Lord. From the heathen neighbors came the story.

" 'You are a strange person,' they had said to her during the siege. 'You eat and sew and make shoes and sleep as though nothing was going to happen.' And with the sound of the firing in their ears she answered, 'Is there?'

" 'But why did you not get out when you could?' they asked. 'We would have gone to Shanghai only too quickly if we had had your chance. You are a fool. Why

didn't you go? Your mistress has gone, your pastor has gone. They would have taken you and you didn't go.' Her answer was this: 'Has God gone?' And so far as anyone knew, in spite of all the storm and stress of a besieged city, God had not gone. 'When you convince me that God has gone,' she told them, 'then I shall want to go quickly.' "

A few months after Anna Louise Fillmore came to China, her freight arrived. As she was unpacking she came to a new shining aluminum teakettle and handed it to the cook. The cook, in delight, danced about, holding the teakettle aloft, emitting little squeals of pleasure and praise of the merits of the teakettle. Chen Da-ma looked on without a smile. She evidently thought this extravagant praise was disparaging to our old smoky one that had done duty so long and was still singing on the kitchen stove. Perhaps it might be reflecting just a shade of criticism on the owner of the old teakettle, so she raised her voice in defence. "Yes, that is a very nice teakettle but it isn't a bit prettier or better than Miss Kelly's was when it came."

The month after Lulu Snyder was married to Dr. Hamilton, Mattie Pounds who was touring China came to visit me and keep me from getting lonely for my associate. One day I had started to the north part of the city when a very bad storm arose. In fact it was more like a young cyclone than anything I have experienced in China. It compelled me to get out of my jinrikisha and take refuge in a store. Chen Da-ma

went upstairs to close the windows and Miss Pounds had an opportunity of observing her. When I returned Mattie Pounds said:

"Nothing that will ever be said or written about you or your work will ever express to me as much as the face of Chen Da-ma during the storm. She could not speak to me as I did not know a word of Chinese nor she a word of English but the concern, yes even agony, pictured on her face when she feared you were in danger was more eloquent than all the eulogies I have ever heard."

For years, in fact ever since opening the Woman's Bible Training School at the South Gate, thirteen years ago, she has acted as office boy to me. That is, when people have come to see me she has interviewed them first to find the nature of their business, and whether it was urgent enough for me to be called out of a class.

To show you how well qualified she was for this position, I will tell you an experience of last winter. While in the midst of very busy Christmas preparations she came to me saying, "There is a man downstairs who wishes to see you and he won't tell his business. I have a little doubt about that man."

I said, "Show him upstairs."

There came into our sitting room a man in the dress of a scholar though that dress was pretty old and worn. He said he belonged to our church in Shanghai and mentioned Mr. Ware's and Miss Tonkin's names casually. He also mentioned the location of the church and the name of the

Chinese pastor. He said that a few years ago his brother had been appointed an official in Hankow and he had gone there to be his private secretary. Some months before, during the rebellion in Hankow the rebels had come into his brother's office and killed him. My informant said that he himself had been bound and gagged while the rebels looted nearly two thousand dollars and all their clothing and other belongings. He had then been thrown into prison where he had lain for months and had been released only the week before. The Red Cross had given him the clothes he wore and enough money for him to get to Nanking. In Shanghai he had a sister and many friends and could get a job. All he needed now was the price of a railroad ticket to get to these friends.

I sent for Mr. Hsia, the pastor, to test the genuineness of this man, but he was out. It was near Christmas. The air was fairly tingling with the Christmas spirit. I thought I could not enjoy my Christmas if I allowed this brother to go begging on the streets of Nanking just on the possibility that his story might be untrue. It sounded highly melodramatic but still very plausible, knowing China as I do. I gave him the two dollars necessary and urged him to hurry, for by doing so he could catch the afternoon train and be with his sister that night in Shanghai. He almost wept with gratitude. His parting bow was very profound. Several days later I found he was using the same story at the Drum Tower with our missionaries there and had done

so in Wuhu a few weeks earlier. You see now why I used Chen Da-ma as office boy. Her discernment of her own people was deeper than mine. She could not read books but she could read character.

The first three days of September, 1913, the city of Nanking was looted by soldiers who had been sent to suppress a rebellion that had its headquarters there. For over a month these soldiers had tried to gain entrance and failed, the city gates being closed against them. Dr. Macklin acted the part of peacemaker and succeeded in gaining a promise from the attacking General Chang Hsun that if the rebels opened the city gates his soldiers would go in peacefully. The looting of almost the entire city, the burning of homes and places of business of all who refused to give to the soldiers their all and the violation of thousands of women showed the value of the general's promise.

Tens of thousands of people were left in a destitute condition and we did what relief work we could. Nearly two hundred women were registered at the South Gate to do sewing. They were paid a good wage to make plain clothes for a city that faced winter in the few thin tattered summer garments left them when the soldiers visited them. Many were left entirely without bedding. At such a time those who are dependent on others naturally suffer first. The old women of the poor were among the first to feel the keen pinch of desperate hunger. We very carefully registered three hundred of these who

were mostly friends and relatives of those we knew. To each of these we gave a peck of rice a month, about the amount consumed by one person.

At one of our Sunday afternoon woman's meetings I said, "You know that there are many old ladies in this city starving, and that we here can feed only three hundred. So you see if any woman is taking this rice who does not need it to keep her from starving to death, she is making some other old lady in this city die of hunger." On Wednesday of that week while I was teaching a class, Mrs. Gold, the mother of one of our next door neighbors, came and brought her bamboo ticket and the bag for holding the rice which we had provided. She had received rice once. Chen Da-ma received her. Mrs. Gold said, "I have not been able to sleep since Sunday."

"Why?" asked Chen Da-ma.

"You remember what Miss Kelly said at the meeting last Sunday, that if any one was receiving this rice who was not actually starving, they were causing some other old lady to starve to death?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I am very poor. But I will not starve to death if I do not get this rice. My son will not permit that and my daughter would not. So since Sunday I have been unable to sleep. I feel I have sinned against God and man. I have brought back my bag and ticket to return them and ask what penance I can do that will win God's forgiveness."

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Chen Da-ma looked at this woman and like the Master of old when he looked at the rich young man, she saw this soul was not far from the kingdom, so she said, "If you will return that ticket and bag next Sunday when all the women are present at the meeting and will tell them just what you have told me, I believe God will forgive you.'"

When my class was finished, Mrs. Gold had gone and Chen Da-ma reported what she had done. I gasped at her bold handling of the case and wondered if we should ever see Mrs. Gold again. But sure enough, on Sunday afternoon when the women were assembled, I saw Mrs. Gold rather far back in the audience. At the close of the address, in order to give her an opportunity, I said, "If anyone present has anything to say on any subject whatever, she may say it now." Mrs. Gold arose, walked to the front, laid the ticket and bag on the table, faced the hundred women and told them her story. It made a deep impression on them all, and Mrs. Gold surrendered herself to be a Christian, which she continues to be to this day.

Not many months ago faithful Duh Da-ma, who had been gatekeeper at the Da fu dih girls' school for years took sick. She is well past seventy and had no daughter-in-law to care for her. Chen Da-ma came to me about it. She said:

"I cannot afford to feed Duh Da-ma and provide the necessary things in her sickness but I am willing to share my room with her and nurse her if others will provide food and medicines."

Last year we had a particularly happy engagement in our church, Mr. Shao Ging Shan, who is in college in the University of Nanking preparing for the ministry, and Miss Bao Fuh Lien, who is a sophomore in Ginling College. They both came to us as little children from heathen homes at the South Gate, entering our schools as pupils. In due time they had both become earnest Christians. Mr. Shao graduated from our South Gate high school and did fine work for a year in the game room and young people's work at South Gate. Desiring to fit himself for a preacher of the gospel he entered the university. Bao Fuh Lien, after graduating from our South Gate grade school and the Christian girls' high school at the Drum Tower, entered Ginling College where she is doing excellent work and acting as assistant librarian.

After Chen Da-ma's passing, Mr. Shao said to me with deep gratitude in his voice:

"It is Chen Da-ma that I have to thank for my happy bethrothal. One day when I came here Chen Da-ma said to me, 'You are not engaged are you?' I replied in the negative. 'Why don't you become engaged to Bao Fuh Lien? You are both in college and she is such a fine girl and would make such a splendid minister's wife.' 'But I don't know at all that Miss Bao would have me.' 'You could at least try to find out,' she answered. I followed her suggestion and you know the result."

There was no more popular member of the South Gate Church than Chen Da-ma. She was

greatly embarrassed financially by the number of invitations which she received to feasts. When the baby is a month old the parents make a feast of rejoicing and it is the custom for the guests to take gifts to the baby. Even the poorest must have a wedding feast and of course the guests take gifts that will be useful in the new home. All classes of our Christians from the richest to the poorest would invite Chen Da-ma to their feasts although to the day of her death she held the position of servant. I heard it explained at feasts several times when she was keeping the guests roaring with laughter over her jokes or witty repartee or her apt quotation of proverbs. They would say, "We just can't get along at a feast without Chen Da-ma. She is the life of the party and keeps everyone so happy, we just can't dispense with her."

Many times I have had friends tell me that they had come to see me when I was away from home. They would say, "Chen Da-ma was so cordial, she just would not let me leave without a cup of tea." Usually they would tell me of something cheering or useful that she had told them. Once we had a 'ricksha man who drank. It was Chen Da-ma to whom he brought his wine pitcher and wine cup and then dashed them on the stones, breaking them into a thousand pieces, vowing never to take another drink. So far as we know he kept his vow. He was a watchman in a railroad depot for years after.

More than one man or boy told us he had given up cigarettes because Chen Da-ma had persu-

aded him that it was a mistake to smoke. Because of her testimony more than one woman followed her example and broke her vegetarian vow and trusted Jesus for salvation.

There was no service which she rendered more joyfully and reverently or with a keener sense of privilege than her preparation of the emblems of the Lord's Supper. For years it was her work to do this every Lord's day morning. She would get up earlier than usual every Sunday morning that she might do this in addition to her usual morning work and get ready in time for Sunday school. Every religious service was to her a sacred privilege of worshipping with others. Her great loving, friendly heart liked to worship with others, even though she prayed much in secret. In the preparation of the emblems for the Lord's Supper she seemed to feel that a privilege had been granted to her which no other member of the church enjoyed and she looked upon it with reverence, almost with awe.

For years Hsu tai tai, one of our neighbors of wealth, was an active Christian. She too had a great heart and was always zealous in trying to bring others into the kingdom. She succeeded in bringing in some of her friends and distant relatives but she never succeeded with any of the members of her immediate family. This was a great cross to her and always in our Thursday afternoon women's prayer meeting she would ask us to pray for her son and his wife and their little children. Three years ago she died a victorious death, and in accordance with her wishes

her family gave her a Christian funeral, but still they remained outside of the church. On Thursday afternoon if we were coming near the close of our meeting and no one had prayed for Hsu tai tai's family, Chen Da-ma would remind us, "You know Hsu tai tai asked us to pray for her son and his family. She is not here to remind us, but we must not forget." So Chen Da-ma was servant not only to the living but to the dead.

Late in June, 1922, Chen Da-ma said she was not feeling well and rested in her room. Every day we went to see her several times. After a week Margaret Dieter, who is a trained nurse, came to spend the week-end with us. We had suggested the hospital before, but not until Margaret, whom she loved and whose medical judgment she never questioned, recommended it, was she willing to go.

On Saturday evening Margaret said, "You had better send her to the hospital on Monday morning." On Sunday she was not so well and Sunday night she seemed to be in much misery. Early Monday morning Tsu Sao-dzi, the cook and her beloved friend, took her to the hospital. In the afternoon I went to visit her. She was cheerful and told me the following experience:

"It was strange," she said, "when I came here I wanted to walk up the stairs but the assistants said they would carry me. I objected, but still they said they would carry me. Again I opposed and it was strange, for I seemed to hear a voice say to me, 'Allow them to carry you, you are going to heaven.'"

"You had a dream, Chen Da-ma," I said. "You are in such good hands now that you will soon be well."

"I do not know if it was a dream; it was not like one; it was very real. But I do have such splendid care. The nurses are so good to me and I have never seen a better doctor, so thorough and so kind."

After a nice, friendly visit, I went to the nurses' home to learn if a diagnosis had been made and how serious her condition was considered. The nurses said she was a pretty sick woman but they did not consider her condition dangerous. Much relieved I took this report to South Gate, where all rejoiced. The next morning I sent her daughter to her telling her to spend the day with her mother. This she did and on her return reported her better, no fever and ability to eat without nausea. How happy we all were!

On the next afternoon, Wednesday, I went again. Her chart showed no fever and she said she was able to eat a little. But she looked so much worse. We had a long talk that afternoon. She said:

"You remember how I groaned the last night I was at home. Well, last night I was doing it again and Miss Warner (the head nurse) asked me if I would please try to stop, that it kept the other patients from sleeping. (She was in a big, general ward). I told her that if I annoyed other people I could keep from it, that it gave me a great deal of comfort to groan but if it kept

others from sleeping, I would try to control myself."

We had a heart-to-heart talk that afternoon, for which I shall always be grateful. I asked her if she felt anxious about her daughter's going away to take nurse's training, fearing that might have something to do with her sickness. Her assurance was most satisfying. "Why, of course not. It is just what I want her to do, and I am so grateful to God that she now has her preparation and can begin."

Our fellowship was particularly sweet that afternoon, each baring her heart to the other on some of the most sacred things of life. Before I left, she said, "I am coming home Saturday."

"Has the doctor said you could do so?"

"No, but you know you and my daughter are planning to go North on Tuesday and I want to be at home when she packs her trunk."

"If the doctor says you are able to come on Saturday, I shall be very happy, but you must not come unless he gives permission."

"Yes, I am coming home on Saturday. I must be at home when my daughter packs her things."

"It is not for the patient to say when she shall leave the hospital, but the doctor."

"I will come back to the hospital when you have gone, but I must go home on Saturday and stay until you leave. You know you always get sick when the great heat comes and you must get away."

Our plan was to leave on Tuesday, I going to Tsingtao for the hot season and taking her

daughter with me as far as Tsinan, where she was to enter that fine university hospital and take nurse's training.

As I passed out the door, I repeated, "You must not leave this hospital until the doctor says you are well enough to do so." Again I went to the nurses' home for information. This time they looked grave and said she was a very sick woman but still they hoped she was not dangerous. Still no diagnosis had been made. All the regular tests had been made without revealing the cause of her ailment.

About an hour after I left, Miss Warner was making her rounds in the hospital. Chen Da-ma said to her:

"I want you to do something for me. I want you to tell Miss Kelly I am better. She will not believe me. I must go home on Saturday and be present when my daughter packs her things and stay until they leave on Tuesday. Then I will come back to the hospital and be cured. But you and the doctor must help me make Miss Kelly believe I am better. She always gets sick when she stays in the heat. If you tell her I am better she will believe it and what she don't know will not hurt her."

At six the next morning word came from Margaret Dieter saying to hasten at once that she feared Chen Da-ma's end was very near. She proved to have Addison's disease, that incurable disease of the kidneys. Miss Warner met me with great tears rolling down her cheeks, say-

ing, "The last plan of her great loving heart was to protect you."

She was in terrible pain, but she looked her satisfaction when we came to her. "Would you like to go home to Jesus?" we asked her.

"Yes, if he wants me to go. I did not know he wanted me to go now. If he does, I am glad," she said with great difficulty, as her throat was already growing stiff.

She gave to all a welcome with her eyes. For the next hour her friends kept pouring in, her pastor, the Bible woman, the teachers, the cook, who loved her as a sister and mother combined. After that she became unconscious to the end. And oh, what peace was upon that kind face when the pain left it! The women declared it was almost a smile, and indeed it was a look of triumphant peace that seemed to be a smile.

While I cannot but rejoice for her, I know I have lost my right hand.

CHAPTER III.

LAO TSI—THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

Lao Tsi means Seventh Brother

ONE evening when the principal of the Girls' School, Miss Emma Lyon, and most of the pupils had gone to prayer meeting, the very violent turning of the knob in the hall door attracted my attention. In those days we lived in rooms at the school. Supposing some pupil had been locked out by mistake, I opened the door. No one was to be seen. I felt a little puzzled, but having closed the door and locked it again I settled down to my writing in the sitting room which was on one side of the hall. A few of the pupils were studying in one of the schoolrooms on the opposite side of the hall. In a few minutes the knob was turned again, and this time the door was shaken. I immediately ran to the door. One of the older pupils arrived at the same time. Again I opened the door, and together we looked out on nothing but dark space. Until then I had not felt afraid, for it was still early in the evening. I half suspected that some member of our school family was playing a joke on us.

As we looked into each other's eyes, in blank astonishment, I said: "Did you hear the knob turn the time before this?"

"Yes," she said, and I could see fear stealing over her.

I began to feel that ugly creep enveloping my whole body also. Again the door was securely

locked and bolted and we began to look to all the other doors and windows as well. We had not long to wait. In a few moments, the door was tried and shaken longer and more violently than before. All the pupils who had been studying stood and watched it with me. The shaking was not confined to the door this time. All of us were quaking, nor did we open the door again. We ran upstairs and called from the open window to the gateman that there was a thief in the compound and that he was to catch him. The cowherd, who was in his house at the back of the compound was called and the two of them looked about rather skeptically with a lantern. Soon Miss Lyon and the rest of the pupils returned, and they too were inclined to think we must have vivid imaginations.

Never had we been so thoroughly locked up, however, and it was well, for about eleven o'clock several of the doors had the same testing by shaking and turning of knobs. All in the school were thoroughly convinced now that there was an intruder in the compound. Again shouts rang from the upstairs windows that a thief was here indeed, and he must be caught.

Miss Lyon and I did not know so much then about the ethics of thief-catching as we learned later.

Again the lantern went about erratically. It appeared to us that those two men were looking for something which they hoped they wouldn't find. They were told that they were not to sleep that night but to watch.

About 4:00 A. M., as they were sitting in the gate house chatting, with the gate unlocked, a man's weight was thrown against the gate. It flew open, and a thief landed squarely in their arms. It was a general surprise party. He had come around to find his pal and had fallen into the hands of two waiting thief-catchers. They were looking for a thief from the inside and here one literally falls into their arms from the outside! Since he was right in their hands there was no excuse for letting him go, so they tied his hands and lashed his cue to one of the rafters in the gate house. There he stood before our amazed and unsympathetic gaze the next morning.

One of our teachers had declared some months previously that she had seen a man on the upstairs veranda at night. The question of a night watchman had been discussed. It was possible, of course, that the teacher had been mistaken. It seemed an extravagance to have a night watchman. Now, however, all agreed that it was a necessity.

Lao Tsi was called. He was about sixty, but had a look of infantile surprise upon his face. He was as fussy as an old maid. In fact one of our young missionary doctors dubbed him "Molly." When Miss Lyon went home on furlough in the summer of '99, she turned over her old shoes and old hats to the men servants to dispose of. "Molly" came out proudly wearing a pair of her shoes without laces and her felt hat with a crown very tall but small in circum-

ference. This was too much for even the young doctor. His desire for the fitness of things overcame his desire for humor. He declared that "Molly" was a caricature; that it was a disgrace to see our western garments disported in such a fashion; that I should put a stop to it. But "Molly" was so happy with his first foreign hat and pair of shoes! It would not have been more cruel to rob a little boy of his first pair of red-topped boots than take these windfalls from "Molly."

"Molly" was very deferential to me. He always called me Reverend Householder. A very respectful name for the head of the family. I remember one day he came to me with a very long face. He said he was not well and went rather graphically into his general feeling of misery. Now, we missionaries in China have a universal first aid treatment. It is Castor Oil. We get it by the quart in a blue bottle. It will never harm, and it is pretty sure to help. I poured out a generous dose from the blue bottle. Lao Tsi took it and smacked his lips, then bowed and thanked me most profusely—"Thank you, Reverend Householder. Thank you much, Reverend Householder." He went away and I heard nothing about indisposition for a few months. Then he came again one day with evident marks of self-pity on his face. "Reverend Householder," he said, "when I came to you a few months ago you gave me a very wonderful medicine. After taking it I felt fine for a long time. In fact, I had not felt so well for months, but now

I am feeling miserable again. I just wonder if you have any more of that good medicine and if so, will you give me some of it?"

At that time Miss Lyon was in America, and I was Acting Principal of the School. Our school girls had become about as "finical" over Castor Oil as our own American children. Here was an opportunity for an object lesson. It was wash day at the school and since it was warm and bright the girls had their tubs scattered over the back yard and were busy washing their clothes.

"If you will come out back of the school," I said, "I will give you the medicine."

"Thank you, thank you, Reverend Householder. Much thank you, Reverend Householder."

I took the blue bottle and repaired to the back yard. As soon as the girls saw it, they went into a panic. "Who is sick? Who is sick? Who has to take medicine? I'm not sick. I'm not sick," each one took up in chorus. Some of them even doubled up with the memory of past experiences. "Molly" came around the building with his flapping shoes and peaked crowned hat (for it kept getting more peaked all the time), and I stood waiting for him in the kitchen door with the blue bottle and a very large tablespoon. When I began to pour the oil, all the girls began doubling up with exclamations suitable for such emotions. If "Molly" had been sensitive to suggestion he would have developed at that moment a terrible revulsion for Castor Oil, but he wasn't. The baby surprise on his face deepened, and he

exclaimed: "This is a good medicine. It is neither sour nor bitter."

The oil was almost piled up on that spoon and I was afraid it would break over so I interrupted him. "Take this," I commanded.

He first had to say: "Thank you, Reverend Householder," then he licked the spoon clean and even sucked his mustache so as to lose none of the precious medicine.

"Would you like a little more?" I asked.

"Thank you, Reverend Householder." As I began pouring the second time the contortions on the part of the pupils began afresh, and their oh's and ah's were very expressive.

"But it is a good medicine," repeated "Molly." "It is neither sour nor bitter; it has no taste."

He swallowed the second bit with as much appreciation and smacking of lips as before. He looked at the girls in utter astonishment, repeating again as he started around the house, "It is good medicine. It is neither bitter nor sour. It has no taste."

In the matter of his work there was a difference of opinion as to method. We thought he should go around the compound quietly during the night and see that all was safe. In case a thief did come in he should surprise him and capture him or report to the police and let them do the surprising and capturing. But at this suggestion the look of infantile surprise deepened to astonishment. "But Reverend Householder, that would give the thief no chance to get away."

He had a piece of wood hollowed out in the

middle, in the center of which had been inserted a handle. He pounded this with another stick of wood. It made no difference that at first he awakened all the people in the compound every time he made his rounds. "I'll beat my wood hard and loud as I make my rounds often. Then the thieves will know I'm on the watch, and they will go and leave us unmolested." "Molly" had had his own way of course. It was a case of being in Rome, or rather in China and, of course, we had to do as the Chinese do. For a long time we were frequently awakened by his vigilant tom-tom. But finally our subconscious minds became so accustomed to the noise, that they never troubled to wake our conscious minds, and we slept on in peace. Much more peaceful I am sure than if we had had our own way, and there had been a prospective thief-catching any night. Yes, Lao Tsi, you are my friend. You saved me from my own folly, the pursuit of which would have ended in nervous prostration, an early furlough, or a recall for health reasons.

CHAPTER IV.

LING LAO-TAI—THE INN-KEEPER

Ling is translated Woods. Lao-Tai, Old Woman. Hence, Ling Lao-Tai, Old Woman Woods.

SHE claimed me as a member of her family the very first time she saw me—this wrinkled old Chinese woman with an occasional snag of a tooth and a voice like a foghorn. That was because when I had been choosing a Chinese name for myself, I had chosen the name of Ling. It was so much more pleasing to my ears than the name, Keh, which Chang Sein Sung, my teacher, said was the nearest like my own among Chinese family names. As the likeness at that time did not seem to me pronounced enough for anyone to recognize, I somewhat obstinately insisted on having the name of Ling.

Before going to Kiang Pu Hsien that first time I had inquired from our men workers where I should stay. They told me they always lodged at the Ling Inn. As Kiang Pu Hsien was a city and what corresponded to a county seat town, I expected it to be a larger place. The size of the population, however, does not determine that a place shall be a city in China. The city wall does that. The word for wall and the word city are the same. So to have a wall surrounding a town is to make it a city. True, not many small places have walls. But so far as my experience goes all county seat towns do, and Kiang Pu Hsien is the smallest I have seen.

Riding on donkeys we entered the city gate for the first time one warm pleasant day about two o'clock. Our cavalcade consisted of Mrs. Feng, the Bible woman, a dainty little lady who had been brought up and educated in Shanghai, two noisy men, who were required to make the three donkeys go, the extra animal being loaded with our bedding and baggage, and myself.

Passing through the gate, we went down a very dilapidated street. We went around donkeys loaded with such large bundles of grass for fuel that they looked like miniature moving haystacks; others had heavy wine casks on each side of the pack saddle; still others carried great greasy pots of vegetable oil.

Men with large round, flat baskets piled high with vegetables swung from each end of a flattened pole that was placed across the shoulder rough with corns sang their "hei-ho, hei-ho" to help them keep step and to forget their loads and their corns.

Country women in their short, coarse, blue cotton coats and wide trousers with a piece of black cloth tied over their heads, carried baskets with perhaps six or eight eggs, or a chicken that they were taking to the market to exchange for some necessity of life.

Little girls with babies tied to their backs were trying to catch some brightness from life by watching the passersby and carrying on childish gossip.

Boys kicked the shuttle cock and counted interminably.

We also met donkeys going out empty backed and showing great patches of surface bleeding from the cruel pack saddles that did not fit. Men with bent backs were pushing heavy squeaking wheelbarrows laden with kerosene tins.

Some of the country women were returning with a tiny bit of fresh pork in their baskets or a piece of cloth tied in a paper parcel or a toilet cabinet with its secrets of rouge and ointments as a gift to some bride.

Black razor-backed pigs as tame as kittens and mangy dogs were alike foraging in the deep cut wheelbarrow tracks in the stone paved street.

The doughnutman with his kettle of boiling lard in which the doughnuts were cooking suspended from one end of his pole and the dough for his forenoon supply in a case from the other end of the pole was hawking his wares. So was the notion peddler from whom you could buy one needle and thread or a bit of colored silk for embroidering shoes.

The barber who carried all his implements and supplies with him suspended from a pole like the doughnutman, had gotten a customer of the teen age and was shaving his head in the street in front of the boy's home.

Having come to the end of the street, we turned to the left and halted in front of the Ling Inn. This long, low, narrow building was made of mud and though it had a thatched roof, it had none of the other artistic features of Ann Hathaway's cottage. A more cheerless-looking place it would be hard to imagine. But I soon

learned that we were not to look to the building for cheer. Ling Lao Tai's personality furnished that.

"Come right in," was her cordial greeting. "Of course we have a place for you."

We asked her if she could give us a private room. She assured us she could. She led us back through one room after another, as this Inn consisted of a succession of rooms, one entered from the other. She took us to the very back room of all, for which we were grateful. This was our private room. No one need go through our room to reach his. It mattered not, that we had to go through all the rooms to reach ours!

All the rooms had the earth for a floor and unwhitewashed mud walls. In our room the furniture consisted of a bench six inches wide and three beds. These beds were made by pounding four forked sticks into the ground and putting poles between the forks. Then across this framework were laid bamboo poles which formed the bed bottom. On this, loose straw was piled. On top of this straw, we spread our bedding, for everyone carries his own bedding when traveling in China. We used the remaining bed for a table.

Ling Lao-tai was trying to hold back the curious tide of people of all ages who were crowding into her Inn to see the first white woman who had entered their city. She might as well have tried to hold back the tides of the ocean itself.

After depositing our things, we asked the whereabouts of the chapel—a room that had been rented by the few Christians there in which

to hold services. It was on the main street, a distance of two or three blocks from the Inn. Before arriving we were surrounded by such a mob of curious people that we would have made good competition for a circus parade.

So many of the people entered the chapel before we did that we could scarcely get in ourselves. We were obliged to have the door locked to prevent the walls of the room from being literally burst out by the masses who were trying to force their way in.

We tried to speak to that crowd but the noise made by those on the outside wanting to get in prevented anyone from hearing. After a few moments of this, I feared the walls of the building would be burst in if I remained where I was, so I went out. I immediately looked for an open space where I might stand. Almost directly across the street was a vacant lot. To this I repaired. To prevent the crowd from crushing each other and me in their efforts to get a look at me, I mounted the one elevation in the lot. It was a heap of ashes and rubbish. Now they could see me from all parts of the lot, and it was not long in filling. From the street too, I was visible, and that also was jammed.

It seemed to me then that this was a wonderful opportunity to give to a great multitude the story I had come ten thousand miles to tell. I talked for more than two hours until I was so hoarse I could scarcely speak above a whisper. Mrs. Feng refused to talk to that mob, not appearing to consider it so great an opportunity as

I did. When I could barely whisper I said: "You see I am hoarse and cannot speak longer. I want to go into the chapel and rest. As a special favor, I am going to ask that you do not go in. The room is small and holds so few. You have all had a chance to see and hear me."

Those in the street, who heard and understood, immediately started towards the chapel door. Others seeing them go in, went also. By the time I got there, I could scarcely squeeze in.

Ling Lao-tai sat there smoking her pipe. This had a brass bowl the size of a small thimble and a bamboo stem long enough to be used as a cane. As soon as I got inside and the door was locked, there was the same cramming and jamming on the outside and the same clamour to get in. After enduring it for perhaps half an hour, Ling Lao-tai got up and in a very commanding way said to me: "Come home with me. You can't speak above a whisper, and you can't get any rest here."

She took my hand in a very protecting way and ordered the door unlocked.

Once out upon the street she used her foghorn voice. "Get out of the way. Have you not seen her long enough? She is just a person like we are. She has talked to you now until she is hoarse. She is going to her room to rest."

She led me with one hand and used her pipe stem for a cane with the brass pipe striking the street.

The small boys of all countries are alike. Those between the ages of ten and fifteen have

such a strong curiosity and love of fun and such a lack of fear that they quite overcome any immature sense of propriety that their parents may be trying to instill in them. So after dancing and laughing all about me as we passed down the street, they broke into a run in the last block in order to reach the Inn before we did. It was well I had one who felt the responsibility of a relative for me. She yelled at those boys with all the powers of well-experienced lungs and voice.

"Don't you dare go in there. I have boiling water; and if you boys attempt to go into my house I will scald you."

Now those boys knew Ling Lao-tai and I saw them begin to slink back. The threat of scalding water was more effectual than any budding sense of propriety. She kept repeating this threat until she got me safely in and had planted herself in the doorway. Indeed she still kept mumbling that she had boiling water as long as any urchin lingered near.

We told Ling Lao-tai that we would rest and have our supper after which she could invite in any of her neighbor women who cared to come. We asked her to furnish us benches so we could seat them and have a meeting.

Soon after dark the women began arriving with their lanterns made of oil paper with tallow candles inside. They all wore loose cotton trousers and coats and a piece of black cotton cloth drawn tightly over the head and fastened around the knot of hair low on the neck. This piece

of cloth covers all the hair and serves the purposes of both dust cap and boudoir cap—keeps out dust and hides the uncombed hair.

We served tea to our guests and asked about their children and later gave them the message we had come to deliver.

They had stayed for several hours and no one had suggested going. I was so tired I could scarcely hold up my head, and my hoarseness had returned.

At last I said: "Sisters, we had a long ride on our donkeys today and have had a busy time since. We are pretty tired. We are going to be here all day tomorrow. Won't you come back and see us tomorrow? Now we would like to retire."

"True, you did have a long ride and you must be tired. Of course you want to retire," they agreed. But no one made a move.

After waiting for sometime I began: "Pardon me, ladies" and followed in substance with what I had said before with the same result.

The third time I reiterated my explanation. They all agreed with me again but still no move.

This time Ling Lao-tai took the initiative. "Why don't you go home?" she scolded. "Hasn't she asked you to go three times just as politely as anyone could?" She got up and opened the door and then got behind them and shooed them all out like a flock of chickens.

Having gotten out the last lingering hen, she locked the door on our side and sat down smok-

ing her pipe, her constant occupation when at leisure.

"Now, just go ahead and undress. I am just an old woman, and you must pay no attention to me. I just want to sit here and talk to you." The talking was merely an excuse. What she really wanted was to see how I got out of those complicated garments that I wore and what I looked like when I was once out. That was exactly what our thirty guests had also wanted to see and why they had been so reluctant to go. One's landlady has to be granted some privileges not accorded the common crowd. It seemed better to take her at her word and pay no attention to her. Anyway there was nothing else to do and we began to disrobe for the night.

While we were in the midst of it a loud knock came on our door.

"Who is it?" yelled Ling Lao-tai in awful tones.

"It is I," answered a man's voice.

"You, who are you?" in tones still more awful.

"Let me in," pleaded the voice.

"Let you in? Let you in?" screamed Ling Lao-tai. "I would not let you in if you were one of my ancestors!"

Since Ling Lao-tai was approaching seventy and since her ancestors were supposed to be in a state not to have to ask permission to go through doors this was a very bold thing to say. Indeed it was as daring as profanity could make it. With us the Deity is the most sacred thing we know; hence to take the name of the Deity in vain is profanity. With the Chinese their an-

cestors are the most sacred things they know about; hence to use their names irreverently is profanity. Just as with us there is a type of mind which considers that conversation is made more emphatic by this dare-devil use of the sacred, so the Chinese have this type of mind. Ling Lao-tai's mind was that type. So must have been that of the would-be intruder, for he slunk away. The ancestors were quite as effectual with him as the scalding water was with the small boys. Ling Lao-tai was a great psychologist.

She continued to puff at her old pipe, refill it, and puff again until we were quite ready to blow out the candle. Then with her goodnight salutation, "Tomorrow we will meet again; tomorrow we will meet again," she left us.

For ten years we made two or three visits a year to Kiang Pu Hsien. Always we put up at the Ling Inn. Each time Ling Lao-tai greeted us with even greater cordiality than the last, if that were possible. I came to look forward eagerly to my welcome, and I became very fond of the dear old lady.

Always our experiences were different. Ling Lao-tai was so original that circumstances about her were always varied. I think her nature demanded it so. There are some dispositions that monotony simply kills. Ling Lao-tai annihilated monotony in self-defense.

She had often told us of her fourth son who was an opium smoker. She rarely mentioned the other three sons. They were law-abiding

citizens, hence they gave her no concern. We had seen the opium smoker once or twice. He was a tall man and had been given a good physique, but he was pale and stooped though still young. His hair was matted and his clothing filthy from neglect. His wife was even more squalid looking and from the same cause. She, too, smoked opium. Ling Lao-tai had declared most emphatically—it was her nature to be emphatic—that she would have absolutely nothing more to do with this lazy good-for-nothing pair even if the man was her own son.

Once when we arrived, however, she told the Bible woman that her son was in prison. A fire, started from his opium den, had burned several buildings. She wondered if I would use my influence in his behalf with the officials. Ah, her mother heart was anxious now for her good-for-nothing son because he was suffering! Being assured that I could not help her because we never meddled in the administration of justice, she bore us no ill will.

The next time we went back this son and his filthy wife were installed in the Inn. They remained there. I am inclined to think that Ling Lao-tai promised the officials to do this in order to make sure no more fires would originate from the home of this irresponsible pair.

The saddest part of it all was they had a child, a little girl about two years old. In spite of her filthy and neglected condition, she was a sweet child. I never saw a child show its hunger for affection more strongly than this one did. But

would you wonder if you had been wakened in the night with the following: The child awakens and cries. The mother is sodden with opium and does not want to be disturbed. The child becomes more frightened in the darkness and tries to waken its mother. Finally the mother is aroused sufficiently to be fiercely angry: "I will kill you by cutting you to pieces with knives and daggers." This terrible sentence is repeated over and over in the most violent manner imaginable until the little child's fear of the darkness is overcome by fear of its mother's cruelty and instead of a cry of fright it changes to such a heartbroken sob that you wonder if that baby of two could possibly understand the meaning of those words and the significance of them coming from her mother. Poor little starved heart! Though her mother has never given her affection, she still longs for it; she instinctively expects the sympathy which she has never received, and her heart is broken when it is again denied her.

The next autumn when I returned I asked: "Where is the baby?"

"Dead," was the grandmother's answer.

"Dead? Poor baby! What did it die of?"

"Neglect," was her second monosyllabic reply. But the sadness in her face spoke volumes.

Once I went there when court was in session. All her rooms were occupied. "Never mind; I will find a place for you," Ling Lao-tai assured me. That place was her own bed room. She took most of her bedding off, and we put ours on.

We started to take down her bed-curtain, but we saw that annoyed her so we desisted.

On returning home from this trip we were asked for a contribution to the "Nanking Budget." We tried to tell the experiences of that night in rhyme with the following result:

Voices of the Night in a Chinese Inn

I hear the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through the mud built halls,
I see her sable cloak all fringed with webs
From off the smoky walls.

I feel the curtain of the ancient bed
Sweep o'er my shrinking face
And sense the grating of imbedded dust
That long has held its place.

And "China's millions" come in swarms to find
Fresh fields and pastures new,
To hypodermic punctures not resigned
We raise our voices too.

We mingle our protests with squealing swine
Outside our window stied;
And with our hostess' coughing interspersed
Who near us does abide.

And with the baying of the neighboring pack
That bark and snarl and growl,
As though the watchman with unceasing beat
To duty could play foul.

And with the squealing of the noisy rats
That leap and gnaw and munch
Till we, alarmed lest we shall lose our food,
Arise to save our lunch.

A loud and angry quarrel rends the air
In some apartment near;
It is the dice that oft inciting cause
There's nought for us to fear.

When all these sounds at length familiar grow
To sleep at last we're prone
When lo, the cats a chorus full have come!
What can we do but groan!

When these at length transfer their serenade
And slumber wins the hour
The braggart cock besides his mistress perched
Declares his clarion power.

Were he content with but a dozen crows
We scarcely dare complain;
He lustily announces o'er and o'er
The morn will come again.

Oh, sleep, sweet sleep—a balm for all our woes
Dost thou come stealing near?
The insects' greed seems somewhat now appeased
Is there aught else to fear?

An eager traveler urged perhaps for gain
Must be upon his way.
He shouts unto our hostess, "Let me out,"
She cries, " 'Tis not yet day."

A loud dispute immediately ensues
  Which straightway wakes the cock.
He tries to prove by e'en yet louder shrills,
  "It must be four o'clock."

From henceforth life within the Inn does stir
  Night's voices must give way;
And yield their claim most naturally it seems
  To voices of the day.

It was during this same stay, I think, that I heard the daughter-in-law inquire, "Where is that new package of washing soda you bought?"

"Over there in my coffin," was Ling Lao-tai's unperturbed reply. The coffin had been a part of the household furniture for years waiting for her demise. Why should it not be useful and hold packages in the interval?

My love for Ling Lao-tai grew with the years, and Oh, how I longed to have her know my Friend—the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother! Everytime I went I tried to introduce her to Him. Her one reply was: "I do not worship idols. I have not worshiped those mud images for years."

"But do you worship God?" I tried to show her the beauty and privilege of doing so. But parrot-like she would repeat, "I do not worship idols."

Her idea of religion seemed to be that of something negative. I was reminded of the little girl in Kentucky, who upon returning from a visit to

her aunt and uncle said, "Mother, Uncle John and Aunt Mary must be very good Christians."

"What makes you think so?" asked the mother.

"Because they are so opposed to everything."

One day, however, Ling Lao-tai surprised me with a question. "You have been coming to my place now for years," she said. "Have I ever mistreated you?"

"Dear Ling Lao-tai, mistreated us? You could not have treated us more kindly had we been members of your own family."

"I have always treated the Christians just that way. Whether they were men or women, Americans or Chinese. Sometimes when Chinese Colporteurs have gone through here they have been short of money. It has never made any difference. I gave them entertainment whether they could pay for it or not. Now what will my reward be?"

Amazed, I looked at her. "Dear Friend, I do not know just what your reward will be; but He who never fails to keep His promises has said: 'And whoever gives one of these little ones even a cup of cold water because he is a disciple, I tell you, he shall not lose his reward.' "

The next autumn we returned. As we approached the Inn there was no one to welcome us. When we entered things looked very dirty and greasy.

Like a child returning home looking for its mother I kept calling—"Ling Lao-tai, Ling Lao-tai." And like the child getting no answer an unexplained fear began to clutch my heart.

At last that grimy daughter-in-law emerged from some back room.

"Where is Ling Tao-tai?" we demanded.

"Gone. She died during the summer. She called you many times during her sickness. I served her to the end. We buried her in a coffin that cost sixty dollars."

I heard no more. I knew who had paid for that coffin and how many years ago and imagined this woman's filial piety had all cost her just about as much.

My conjecture was right. The neighbors told me that they had to go in and give my dear friend a drink of tea as she lay parched on her dying bed. This daughter-in-law neglected her as she had her own child.

Deep sorrow swept my soul. This friend who had never failed to serve me had suffered for want of service, and I knew it not. She had called me and I had not come to her. Oh, why had not someone sent for me?

In the desolation and loneliness of that hour there was but one solace and that was the promise: "And whoever gives one of these little ones even a cup of cold water because he is a disciple, I tell you, he shall not lose his reward."

1. THE HWAN FAMILY
2. BLIND CHANG DA-MA

CHAPTER V.

DJAN LAO SU-MU
A Lady of the Old School

Djan means Open. Lao means Senior. Su Mu, Teacher's Mother, title given the wives of literary men. Hence, Djan Lao Su Mu means Senior Mrs. Open.

EARLY in our work at the South Gate, Mr. Djan, a scholar in our community, brought his wife to us and introduced her. Mr. Djan had become a Christian a few years before. He had given up opium that for years had been his solace. He had also put his youngest son, the fourth, and the only one of school age in the Christian Boys' School.

Senior Mrs. Djan was a tall, thin woman with an aristocratic bearing. She was very polite and courteous but seemed quite shy and bashful. When we began having our Thursday afternoon women's meetings twenty-five years ago, she with her two daughters-in-law were fairly regular attendants. They all had small feet, of course, and were all very ladylike and rather reserved.

As they became better acquainted, they would help us to serve tea to the women who were attending the meeting. One of the first things I remember Senior Mrs. Djan's saying was, "You should have a teapot. It is a sin to waste tea in this way." I had been having the tea steeped in the covered teacups which is considered the nicest way, but some of the women barely tasted

their tea, and others did not do even that, fearing, I presume, that we had put pills into it, which would give them a craving for foreign religion. Senior Mrs. Djan's training in household economy made her feel that it was a sin to throw away those tea leaves. If the tea had been steeped in a pot, they could have been used again!

It has always been our policy, when one member of a family comes into the church, to try to win the entire family, both for his sake and their own. It is very difficult for one member of the family to be a Christian when every other person in the home expects him to participate in the ancestral worship and other idolatrous practices that are performed by the family as a unit. Hence, we made special effort to win Senior Mrs. Djan and her two daughters-in-law. We knew she was the strategic one. She was so very kind to her two daughters-in-law that we felt they would be greatly influenced by her lead, but scarcely take the initiative in so important a step themselves. This turned out to be true.

Months passed in the friendly sort of relationship we had established. When the time came that I felt I could talk to Senior Mrs. Djan about her own personal salvation, she became very estranged and did not come back to our meeting for months. When she did finally return she sat on the back seat and hurried home as soon as the meeting had been dismissed. By and by, however, she got up nearer the front and after awhile helped again with serving the tea.

After a time when I had watched her interest in what was said and her friendliness was undoubted, I thought perhaps now the time had come, and I asked her if she was not now ready to walk in this good way which her husband had found and which was giving him, as well as thousands of others, so much happiness. Immediately she looked embarrassed and hurried home as quickly as possible. Again it was weeks before we saw her and then she was in the back seat. Gradually, however, she worked up toward the front and slowly back to the old open friendliness. This game of hide-and-seek for Senior Mrs. Djan's soul kept up for years, and I never seemed any nearer finding it, though each time I tried to be more tactful than the last.

God, however, has his own ways of helping in such a quest. Mr. Djan passed away. She sent for me. "Now I know that all that you have said about this gospel is true. My husband trusted Jesus to the end. And oh, what a victorious death he had! His last request was that his whole family follow in his steps in the Christian path, and I want to do it. A religion that can give the peace and joy that Christianity gave my husband through his suffering and death is the religion that I want." Her face shone as she said it, and I knew her heart had already been surrendered to God.

What an unfolding of her character came from that day on! All the old, beautiful forms of etiquette were used by her in deepest sincerity to express the feeling of love in her heart for all

whose lives she touched. It was next to impossible to get her to sit in the seat of honor either in a guest room or at a feast, even though she were the oldest guest there, and it was hers by right. This was because from her heart she wanted "In honor to prefer one another."

Her home was open to any of our workers to go and hold a meeting for her neighbors. Often we held weekly meetings there. Before time for the meeting she would go out and in a most charming manner invite her neighbors in. When they had arrived at her home she treated them as though they were honored guests whom she had invited to a feast. Had she not invited them to a feast? They were invited to partake of the "Bread of Life" that had satisfied her own hungry soul and oh, how she longed for them to be fed!

The two daughters-in-law and the second son came into the church very soon after Senior Mrs. Djan. Later the third son came. The third daughter-in-law, who was past thirty, had never had any children. In less than a year from the time she gave her heart to Christ a little son was born. They named him Samuel. They said they wanted his name to be a constant reminder that the child had been given in answer to prayer. Later Samuel had two little sisters, and they were named Martha and Mary.

Once Senior Mrs. Djan brought to me a white porcelain image of the Goddess of Mercy about a foot high. "This has been worshiped in our family for more than a century," she said. "We

have no use for it now. I want to give it to you."

Senior Mrs. Djan's eldest son was an opium smoker, and a man who indulged in all kinds of sin. He was the despair of his father during his lifetime. Once when I inquired about this son, of a man, who knew him well, he said: "He is the kind of man who would sell his own mother if he could." His wife had died of a broken heart and left a little daughter. This little granddaughter Senior Mrs. Djan kept with her. When the child was eight or nine years old she put her in the Girls' Boarding School. "Never let her go with her father on any account," was Senior Mrs. Djan's admonition to the principal. She was so afraid he would sell her for the largest sum obtainable which would mean that she would be sold into a life of shame.

This granddaughter was kept in school until she was a young woman when she married a minister, and now she is a beautiful woman with several children.

Senior Mrs. Djan's fourth son married a Christian girl, and their home and children are particularly attractive. This son was for many years principal of schools.

Senior Mrs. Djan was very loyal to her own family. At first she would pray for them all except her eldest son. "He is too far gone to repent," she would say. But as the years passed and her faith increased, she prayed for him very earnestly and asked us all to do so.

However, her interests were by no means confined to her own family. Although naturally

timid, at the church she would speak to strangers and with her incomparable courtesy make them feel at home. To little children she was charming. She always addressed them as "Little Brother" and "Little Sister." She nearly always had some fruit or candy or nuts secreted somewhere in her large sleeves for them. For years she acted as deaconess in the church and also passed the holy emblems to the women. Her deep reverence especially fitted her for that service. It was never too cold or too hot, too rainy, too snowy or too muddy for her to come to church.

Her devotion to us was beautiful. On Christmas she always sent us a large number of fresh eggs and lucious honey oranges. She never by any chance failed in these gifts. About Easter time she would send a beautiful orchid in bloom. When it had finished blooming she would take it home with her, for she knew we would let it die. All through the year she would nurse this plant, and the next year when it was in full bloom she would present it to us again. Several times through the year she would bring some very nicely cooked dish from her kitchen. Perhaps it would be pigs' feet and greens or a deliciously cooked fish.

We often felt it difficult to reciprocate in this matter of gift-giving. But there was one way in which we could serve her. She was delicate, and perhaps once or twice a year would be really ill. Her children were afraid to call a doctor lest he give her medicine too strong for her. They

would allow me to give her medicine because they knew I loved her and because they knew I was not working for a fee. The Chinese are always so afraid that a doctor working for a fee will give a medicine to prolong the case. By the use of simple remedies which I understood I was able to help her many times.

At last, however, the time came when her malady was beyond my little knowledge, and I told them so. Then they called other doctors. In the midst of great suffering when I would pray with her, her moans would cease, and when I had finished she would thank me in a whisper. When she became so weak the words were no longer audible her lips formed the words, "Thank you!"

After her death when Pastor Hsia went to the home to talk about the funeral arrangements, he had to consult the eldest son who, through the death of his mother, had become the head of the family. This man, though he had given up his opium when the law was enacted against it and had improved in other ways, was still far from being an ideal man and son. When Mr. Hsia asked him when he wished to have the funeral, he said: "If my mother had died a Buddhist instead of a Christian, she would have had a ceremony—a Buddhist Mass—every seventh day for seven successive weeks. I do not like for her to have less because she died a Christian."

Pastor Hsia assured him that if they wished to have a Christian memorial service for their mother every seventh day for seven successive

weeks we would be glad to have it. So every seventh day for seven successive weeks the four sons and all the grandsons dressed in sackcloth, stood in the order of their ages by their mother's coffin, and listened to the gospel that had been life and joy and peace to their mother for many years. Relatives and neighbors were there too always to the number of at least fifty or sixty—as many as could crowd into the small house. Flowers and banners with complimentary sentiments praising the virtues of Senior Mrs. Djan were all about us.

Often the coffin of an older person is kept in the home for more than a year, but after fifty days had passed we followed Senior Mrs. Djan to her last resting place—a large concourse of people who had loved her. Some seemed impressed by the grandeur of the funeral procession, for the sons had spared no pains or expense to show honor to their mother, but I could see, in my thought of her, that peace that passeth all understanding on her placid face and her lips forming the words—"Thank you, thank you."

CHAPTER VI.

HWAN TAI TAI—THE NEW WOMAN

Hwan means Yellow. Tai Tai, Lady. Hence, Lady Yellow.

ONE Sunday morning when I had been in China but a few months, we were standing in the chapel singing the first hymn when a very unusual lady came in. Upon entering the door and seeing Miss Lyon and me and the schoolgirls occupying the "amen corner," she walked all the way down the aisle and stood beside me. She wore the most beautiful skirt I had ever seen. It was a sort of plum-colored silk, embroidered all over with pink lotus blossoms and green lotus leaves. Her coat was also very handsome, and she wore bracelets and other jewelry.

I offered her half of my hymn book. She accepted it and began singing the hymn **in tune.** This was so unusual an occurrence in those days that it started my heart palpitating with joy. I could scarcely wait until the service was over to learn who this interesting woman was. No sooner was the benediction pronounced than I turned to speak to her. But she was from Canton and did not understand Mandarin. By her smiles and her graciousness, however, I realized how charming she was, and I fell in love with her on the spot. Soon her husband came to act as interpreter. He had studied in Germany and could speak a little English. He had been in Nanking some months as the interpreter at the

military school where German instructors were employed, and he could speak Mandarin. He told us his wife had been in the city only a few days, and that she, being a Christian, had asked him to bring her to church that first Sunday morning.

Miss Lyon and I asked Lady Hwan to take dinner with us, and considering that we could not speak each others' language, it was remarkable how well we understood each other. I mean really understood the hearts of each other—the vital things.

From that day we both felt that Lady Hwan was our fast friend, and so it proved. She was not long in learning the Mandarin. Very soon she brought her nine-year-old daughter and put her in Miss Lyon's boarding school. How well I remember how the other pupils resented her at first. She was rich, and they thought she would be proud and look down on them. So they decided they would do it first and for several days would scarcely speak to her. But how soon she won them with her kind, gracious ways and made them entirely forget that there was any difference in station between her and them!

Lady Hwan rode in a jinrickisha and went to any part of the city she wished. Soon the other ladies of the city began hearing of her, and they were dumbfounded. A real lady going out in an open jinrickisha without an escort! Surely there must be some mistake. For if they wanted to go out it must be but once or twice a year at most, and it must be in a closed sedan chair where no

one could see out or in. In China it is proper for the new arrival to make the first calls. If she cares to be friendly she can show it in this way. Lady Hwan called on her neighbors, among whom were ladies of her own class.

"How is it," they asked, "that you have these privileges that we do not have? You go out in an open rickisha."

"I am a Christian," replied Lady Hwan.

"But you go unattended. We would be afraid."

"Yes, but God takes care of me. I have no fear."

"But your husband? Our husbands would not permit us to do such things."

"My husband, too, is a Christian. He trusts me, and he knows God is caring for me."

"But we don't understand. Please explain it all to us." This was Lady Hwan's opportunity to tell the story that was dearer than her own life—the story of the Christ who came to save not only men, but women.

Then, too, the women liked to hear how she herself had become emancipated from the bondage of their many century's old customs. She was proud to tell them of her father's pioneer courage. He was the son of a very rich magistrate of Canton. When a young man he heard singing in a room as he was passing along the street one day. He saw the entrance open and others going in. He followed them into the small chapel, and dropped into a seat. What he heard interested him very much. He kept going back every day until he was convinced that these peo-

ple had a truth which he needed and wanted. When his father heard that his son was attending this poor little chapel, the young man was brought to task for it. In the course of the conversation the father learned to his utter astonishment that his son was deeply interested in the message given in that despised chapel. No names were too horrible to call these people who he thought were bewitching his son and no threats too dark to try to prevent him from returning again to the "foreign devils'" teaching. But it was too late. Already his heart had been given to his Lord Christ, and he could not withdraw it.

He shared his new found joy with his young wife and she accepted it. The time came when the feet of their first child—a girl—should be bound. This the parents would not allow. Their refusal brought on a crisis. The young wife was made a prisoner in her bedroom, not being allowed to come out to meals even. Neither was any food sent to her by the family. All she had was a baked sweet potato occasionally that her husband would buy on the street, conceal in his sleeve and get to her in that way.

That sort of thing could not last. The young man began to make preparations to take his wife and child and leave home. From their standpoint this was a disgrace for them all. The father was purple with anger and told him if he did leave he would never acknowledge him again as a son; that he would disinherit him, and that he would be a beggar the rest of his

days. The son said he could stay in his father's home only on one condition and that was that he and his wife have liberty of conscience. Conscience—what right had any son to a conscience while his father was living? There was only one conscience in the family and that for the whole family—the head of the house took entire responsibility for that.

Words were worse than futile. The young man and his wife had seen the vision fair, and they must follow it through poverty and death if need be. They left the parents' home, and he became first a teacher in the mission and later the first Chinese preacher in that part of China.

Lady Hwan always adds that her father had three brothers. They, of course, inherited all the property of which there was much valuable real estate. In their old age her father, the poor despised Christian preacher, had to support them as they had spent all in riotous living—especially in opium smoking and gambling.

Lady Hwan was the youngest of nine children all of whom had had a western education, and all of whom were occupying influential places in the world, some in Honolulu, some in Hong Kong, some in Macao and some back in the old home, Canton.

"A new day is coming in China," Lady Hwan would say to her absorbed listeners, "and we must get ready for it. Our children must be educated for it. Why do you not send your daughters to this fine school at the Drum Tower? My daughter goes there. Miss Lyon is as care-

ful about the health and the morals and the etiquette of her pupils as any of us mothers can be."

"We hear the girls who go to that school must unbind their feet. Lady Hwan, you know it is our custom, and if our daughters do not have small feet, no family will want them as daughters-in-law. In this part of China no man but a coolie, an unskilled laborer, takes a wife with natural feet."

"Have my feet been bound?" asks Lady Hwan with pride, showing these members.

"But with you it is different. Your husband is a Christian, and he wants you to have large feet."

"If your daughters have an education and become efficient and able to do things, you need have no anxiety about husbands for them. In the new China that is close at hand it is the girl with the education and the large feet who will be sought."

She persuaded some of them that this was true by pointing out to them how many more boys than girls were in schools of western learning. Was it not natural that these students would want wives educated like themselves? The pupils in Miss Lyon's school began to increase in numbers, and a goodly proportion was from the best families in the city.

Nor was Lady Hwan's influence confined to her own class. That very first winter she spent in Nanking she found a family living in a very low mat hut near her home. The man of the family

had tuberculosis and was unable to work. These people were strangers in the community, having lately come from the north. When the mother of the family tried to find work people would pay her only half what they paid others. There were three small children in the family—two boys and a girl and a fourth about to arrive. Hwan Tai-tai learned these conditions and gave the mother work at proper pay. When the baby was born she fed and cared for the whole family. When the husband died she helped the wife to get a coffin and bury her husband. She then adopted the second little girl. She brought her up and gave her a good education and a nurse's training. The girl later married a fine young man.

Soon Lady Hwan was the confidante and advisor of all the Chinese Christians and missionaries in Nanking. Was it some ticklish point of Chinese etiquette that we were not sure about? Lady Hwan would tell us. Did we want to give a dinner to some lady who had given us a feast? Lady Hwan would help. Were we opening a new day school, planning an evangelistic campaign, or considering purchasing a piece of property? Lady Hwan would be consulted. Was there trouble between some mother-in-law and daughter-in-law—yea, even between husband and wife? They sent for Lady Hwan to act as peacemaker. Did some young man want to marry? He called on Lady Hwan and confided his hopes and fears to her, and she would never fail to make his problems her own.

She had a great deal of sympathy with the

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young people who had caught a glimpse of real romance and wanted it in their future homes. How her face would glow as she would tell of her own experience!

"When Mr. Hwan was in Germany many German girls wanted to marry him. But he said he would never undertake to support a foreign wife. When he returned to China he was besieged with middlemen from rich and influential families each of whom was 'talking-up' the charms of some fair maiden highly desirable for him to marry. But he put them off saying he was not yet ready to marry. What he really wanted to do was to go back to the home of his old teacher in Canton. He remembered a little daughter of the old teacher whom he now very much wanted to see. I am that daughter," she would say proudly.

Her interest in romance, however, never blurred her common sense. A young man who was practicing medicine at a good salary in a government hospital fell madly in love with her eldest daughter. He had had only two years in a medical school. He called on Mrs. Hwan and with all the eloquence born of his passion he pleaded for her daughter.

But Lady Hwan would have no half trained doctor in her family, even though the ignorant people would accept his services and pay for them. He must be thorough, he must be competent to do honest work. No other kind would pass muster with her. "When you have your medical diploma from Dr. Beebe we can discuss

SHI GWEI BIAO—THE STORY TELLER

that subject, not before," was Lady Hwan's unalterable answer. This young lover was a Methodist so she named Dr. Beebe who was training medical students in the Methodist hospital. This stipulation was a little hard on both his purse and his pride. But it was a way to prove his devotion and he did it. He was awarded his prize when he had fulfilled the conditions.

As time passed Lady Hwan's prophecies regarding the demand for educated wives came true, even earlier than some of us had hoped. This fact added greatly to her influence with those to whom her prophecies had sounded well-nigh incredible. She became the most influential woman in Nanking. Whether in prosperity or in adversity she was always accessible to those who needed her services.

Her husband entered official life and was promoted rapidly. If one of us who knew her so intimately congratulated her on one of these promotions, she would say: "Perhaps this will give us other and greater opportunities to serve our Lord or His church."

All Chinese love to give gifts. All classes give presents that often seem to us to be entirely beyond their ability. With Lady Hwan giving gifts was a passion. Just as she loved to give her services and advice to advance the interests of others, so she loved to give gifts to increase the pleasure of those she loved. Sometimes she gave them to advance the interests of the Kingdom. When one of our secretaries, Dr. Stephen J. Corey, was in China she gave him a very beautiful piece of jade. He was almost embarrassed

to accept it as he felt he had no way to return the compliment.

Miss Lyon mildly rebuked her when he was gone. "Lady Hwan, you should not have given Mr. Corey such a valuable present. It was too much for you to do."

"I wanted it to be something he would prize. Perhaps when he sees it, it will remind him of me, and that may make him think of what I told him about the needs of our school."

She had worked for the school among the Chinese until it had outgrown its quarters. Now, she worked with the secretary to have those quarters enlarged and gave him a reminder to carry all the way to America!

One of the things, aside from her sympathy, which made Lady Hwan such an interesting conversationalist was her delightful sense of humor.

"Lady Hwan," I said one day, "I hear Mr. So and So wants your daughter for a wife."

"**Wants** her? Yes! If I were blindfolded I could go about and by feeling find a better son-in-law than he."

She had a high appreciation of the humor furnished in any situation, and it did help when the dark days came in her life. For the sorrows did come. When her fourth daughter was a baby and her own health was poor her husband was sent north by Viceroy Twan Fang on some important government business. While in Teintsin he became very ill and was taken to a hospital. Her nephew went to attend him. Word came of his very serious condition. She wanted to go to him. This was before the Teintsen

Pukow railroad was built, so the journey required several days by ocean coasting steamer. I offered to go with her, but before we could get started word came that he had passed away.

We all thought she would want to return to South China and be with her own family. But no, Nanking had become her home. She had planted her roots deeply, and she wanted to remain. Mr. Hwan had been official interpreter at the German consulate at one time. Although at the time of his death several years had passed, the German Consul had such respect for Lady Hwan and was so touched by her need that he secured for her and her younger children a pension from his government. This she received until the world war. Many friends whom both Mr. Hwan and Lady Hwan had befriended now came forward with substantial gifts of money. This is the Chinese way. This money Lady Hwan wisely invested in real estate that has brought her a sufficient income. When her health has permitted it she has gone to the Girls' school and lived for months, giving her time, her counsel, and her services in any way she could to promote its interests.

Now two of her daughters, both of whom married returned students—Chinese, educated in America—live in Peking. These want her to stay with them. She often visits them for some months or goes to see her relatives in South China for a time, but she always returns to Nanking, where for the last twenty-seven years, she has exerted more influence than any other one woman in the city.

CHAPTER VII.

LIU LAO TAI-TAI—THE VILLAGE LEADER

Liu means Slay. Lao tai tai means Old Lady. Hence, Liu Lao tai tai means Old Lady Slay.

NORTH of the Purple Golden Mountain about ten miles outside the Peace Gate of Nanking lies a country village on a hillside. One of our Christian women had relatives living there. She was very anxious that we take the gospel to them. She wanted us to go prepared to stay a few days so that her relatives and the other villagers might get an intelligent understanding of our message. One beautiful spring day she and the Bible woman and myself repaired to this village on donkeys, with bedding and luggage, prepared to stay two or three days. When we arrived we found there was a case of serious fever in the home of her relatives, and we, of course, could not go there.

We went into a teahouse and ordered tea, a custom permissible for women in the country, but not in the city. We invited other women to sit down and have tea with us, until the eight places at the table were filled. We chatted with them and were thinking we would soon have to start back home when a very neat, tidy, clean old lady with snowy hair and the manners of a gentlewoman came in and invited us to her home.

She said: "The home where you expected to go has sickness. You are very welcome to

share my humble abode. I live there alone. The longer you can stay, the more fortunate I shall consider myself."

Assured of her sincerity we accepted her hospitality. We told her the object of our visit. She said: "Very good. You came to speak to the women and girls and tell them this new story. I want to hear it also. My house is large; we will just invite them into my home to hear you."

When we entered her domicile it was as clean and neat as the old lady herself. As the fresh spring breezes swept through her spotless rooms, they stirred the garden herbs hanging in bundles from the rafters, and sent their fragrant aroma floating into every nook and corner.

Already many curious people were at her door, wanting to see the foreign woman—a novelty in their village. The women and children were admitted and Mrs. Liu served tea to them as though they were her invited guests. She seated as many of them as possible. We spent the rest of the day giving these women our message and teaching the little children to sing.

In the evening her large living room was packed with women and children. The mothers were especially pleased to hear their children joining us in the singing of the hymns. The men and boys were very curious and crowded the street in front of her house also wanting to come in. The door, however, was kept bolted since it was impossible to admit them, both for

want of space and because of the impropriety of women addressing men in those days.

Mrs. Liu had a memory and a very sympathetic heart. She opened the door between the sitting room and the room next to the street so that the sounds of the singing might reach the ears of the men and boys more distinctly, saying as she did so, "I remember when I was young how interested I was in anything new and how I wanted to hear and see all I could."

After all the crowd had dispersed she took us into her bedroom which she shared with us. (She had several cots and we had a camp bed with us.) She seated us by a table and said: "Now, tell me this message. I have been so busy all day and evening giving the women tea and seeing that they were seated and comfortable, that I could not hear connectedly."

We tried to tell her very simply of the one God, who had made heaven and earth and who was the Father of us all. She listened very intently. "That is the same God I worship," she said.

I was astonished. "Tell me about it," I requested.

"It was on this wise. I have never had but one child—a daughter. She was married and had four children, after which she died. All the relatives I have in the world are this daughter's family. Her husband has always been very good to me. He has been an ideal son-in-law. One time he went into the city of Nanking during very hot weather and was attacked by cholera

on the street." (When this occurs, no one will take the sufferer into his home, as they fear if the patient dies he will be inviting the death angel into his home to destroy some member of his family.) "My son-in-law lay there on the stones in the most awful agony. Some acquaintance sent us a telegram saying that he was dying. When the news reached me I grew desperate. 'To what god shall I pray?' I cried in agony. I ran out of my back door into the garden and looking up I cried again, 'To what god shall I pray?' The answer seemed to come! 'To the God of Heaven. What god could be so able to help as He?' I looked to the earth. There was sand in my garden. I kneeled down and with my finger wrote the character for heaven in the sand, and there I cried to the God of Heaven to spare my son-in-law's life. I prayed in agony and great earnestness. The God in Heaven heard my prayer. My son-in-law was restored to his family and to me. Since then I have worshiped no other gods. I have said to myself, 'I know the God of Heaven is true. I know He answers prayer. About these other gods I do not know; I will continue to worship the God of Heaven.'"

This was the first and only person I had discovered who "by searching had found out God." It was a great joy to tell her about the revelation that He had given of Himself in His Son.

She urged us to come again soon and often we went there two or three times a year, always staying in her home and taking our meals at a

restaurant. She was so eager for every word we could tell her.

Once when we arrived in the village she was not at home. While sipping our tea in the tea-house and relating one of the miracles of healing, one woman said: "Mrs. Liu prays for the sick, and they recover." Another woman repeated the statement. A little girl told the same thing, and I began to ask questions.

"Who has been healed and of what diseases?" I asked. They gave me several names of their own acquaintances.

After a time Mrs. Liu came. She had been visiting her sons-in-law, but on hearing of our arrival in the village, had returned. Again the crowd was transferred to her home, and again she became hostess to all the audience. Until bedtime she was too busy to sit down quietly and receive her spiritual food. When that time came, we were in the bedroom as usual at the same table. "Tell me," I said, "about the sick for whom you pray."

She pulled out the drawer of the table and produced a list of names and a string with three cash (the copper money with the hole in the center) on one end and seven cash on the other. When I saw this my heart sank. I began to wonder if she was mixing some heathen superstitions with her worship of God. But I allowed her to explain.

"This list of names," she said, "is of the people who have been sick. Most of them were malaria cases. I want to pray for each person

seven times. Since it sometimes gets late before I get through I am afraid of losing count, so I have these seven cash here to help me. I take this name, for instance, Wan En-ling (Descended Grace King, a man's name) and I say, 'God, heal Wan En-ling in the name of the Father,' and push over one of the three cash. 'God, heal Wan En-ling in the name of the Son,' and push over another cash. 'God, heal Wan En-ling in the name of the Holy Spirit,' and push over the third cash. Then I push over one of my seven cash. I have prayed for him once. I repeat the prayer seven times until all the seven cash have been moved." She was using her cash simply as counters.

Mrs. Liu had always been the most influential woman in her village. She was the best educated and most cultured. Her adoption of the Christian faith caused all the rest of her village to look upon it with more respect. Their faith in the efficacy of her prayers was unbounded.

As the years advanced she seemed to me to grow childish, but her hospitality was ever the same. As it was difficult to pay her, we used to give her gifts. One of the most prized, was a highly decorated enamel wash basin. When the soldiers looted her village in 1913 among other things they took this face basin. You would have thought it worth a thousand dollars to hear her talk about it and pronounce curses on the soldiers for taking it. This gave me the opportunity to talk to her about "Loving your enemies." She cried like a child. She did not want

to violate one of Jesus' commandments. But she did think it was so wicked for those soldiers to take her beautiful basin. She found it very hard indeed to love them.

She wept as she told us about them stealing her coffin that she had had in her home many years awaiting her demise.

On my last visit her growing infirmity saddened me. Some things I saw made me fear some of her old superstitions had come back. Two cups of tea were placed on the altar where the idols had stood just in front of the Christian scrolls that replaced the idolatrous ones.

I asked, "Dear Mrs. Liu, why do you place this tea here?"

"I want God to have something," she replied.

"God has everything," I answered. "Everything we have he has given us. He wants from us only our loving hearts."

"I know, I understand that, but I think it very selfish not to set aside something of all we enjoy for Him."

I then decided that tradition had taught her and customs had established her in using this method to express appreciation and that He who knoweth the heart would understand.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHI KWEI-PIAO—THE STORY TELLER

Shi means History. Kwei-piao means First Goal.

THE most prominent Chinese personality in our annual mission conventions in the nineties was a tall, slender, alert, middle-aged man who one instinctively felt had had a history. By degrees I got this history and came to know the man, who was even more interesting than his history for he was the sum total of it and something more.

When a farm lad in North Anhwei, Shi Kwei-piao used to leave his work in the field to go to the village to listen to the professional story tellers. These men fascinated him with their semi-historic legends, folklore, proverbs, songs and impersonations. A bridge, the shade of a wall, or of a friendly tree near some busy market place furnishes the auditorium for these combined orators and actors. People of all ages gather around them and stand listening for hours. The story-teller's daily bread depends entirely on making himself sufficiently entertaining to hold his audience till the collection is taken. As the giving is entirely voluntary, he must have entertained his hearers well enough to make them **want** to pay him. When his reputation becomes such that he is invited to tell stories in a teahouse, he receives a stipulated sum from the proprietor.

From boyhood, Mr. Shi had a vivid imagination. The brave heroes, the beautiful ladies, the gorgeous scenery so graphically depicted in these word pictures would hold him spell-bound by the hour. He could not go home and leave these characters involved in some pathetic, tragic or comical situation, even though he knew that severe punishment awaited him at home at the hands of his father.

The story-tellers so charmed this young man that he decided to become one himself. He learned their proverbs, stories, dramas and songs; he studied their methods, and he studied human life. All was grist that came to his mill. Although he had only six months in school, he made the most of them. Because a close observer he became a ready interpreter of life, and at the age of twenty-eight he became a professional story-teller. His cheerful disposition and quick sense of humor were great assets. He went from town to town and from village to village on market days, and wherever people were gathered together, told his stories.

While leading this itinerant life, he learned to smoke opium, and of course gambled, for it was the favorite pastime. Once in his travels he came across the gospel of Mark. On reading it, he said to himself: "These stories are more interesting than the ones I am telling. I will learn a few of them and tell them to my audiences." He did so with a marked increase in the interest that he was able to excite in his hearers. He says that at that time he looked upon Jesus

simply as a wonder worker. He himself became greatly interested in these stories and wondered what could be their import. He heard of some Christians who lived not so far away and he not only went to see them but made this town his headquarters for some time.

One Mr. Chen Loh-Suen, a lay preacher and colporteur, who went to this village made friends with the story-teller. Like Barnabas in Saul, he recognized the possibilities of a great preacher in Mr. Shi. He saw that God's spirit was working in him—the opium smoker and gambler. Mr. Chen denounced sin and demanded repentance and faith in Christ. Mr. Shi became openly hostile when a changed life was demanded. He became the leader of a bitter persecution against the Christians in that section. He greatly resented the foreign religion that was invading Chinese life. His fluent oratory was used to denounce the "foreign devils" and their religion with great effect.

Mr. Chen, however, never left off loving Mr. Shi and praying for him. He believed that the truth which Mr. Shi had heard and studied would yet bear fruit and conquer his life.

Mr. Shi, at the same time that he was bitterly opposing Christianity, realized that he was sinking deeper and deeper into sin and was haunted with fears and a conviction of his lost condition. Mr. Chen's attitude toward him was a great mystery. Although Mr. Shi bitterly persecuted him, he was ever seeking his good and showing him kindness. Finally love won. Mr. Shi acknowl-

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edged himself a sinner and began to seek the Savior. But every fiber of his being was bound with the opium habit.

He could not go on with his story-telling. The heroes of which he had sung no longer interested him; they were not his ideals. He worked as farm laborer, inn-keeper's assistant, kettle-mender or whatever his hands could find to do. He was often in deep poverty and many times on the verge of despair because of the demon opium which held him in its grip. Through seven years he struggled, never getting very far away from Christian influence and continuing to read his Bible.

In the sixth year he went to Nanking with his brother, where they worked as wood-cutters and fuel-carriers. Here he suffered more than ever before of hunger and from the opium cravings. He attended church in Nanking and was stimulated to try again to break the opium habit. He met Dr. Macklin and was encouraged by him to take the opium cure in the hospital. He did so and stopped for awhile, but craving forced him back to it. After he had been in the throes of the habit for seventeen years, and after he had made vain efforts to break for seven years, his faith finally reached the point where he cast all on God. He tells us how he went out under the arched bridge outside the Dry West Gate of Nanking where he and his brother had been forced to live in their poverty and threw himself on his knees. He prayed: "Oh, God, you sent your Son to be the Savior of the world. You

sent Him to be the Savior from sin. Lord Jesus, you know the sin that has bound me these seventeen years. You know, too, how I have struggled against it in vain. I can't save myself from this sin. Dr. Macklin has tried and he can't save me. Lord Jesus, you will just have to save me from this awful curse." For days the struggle continued. He writhed in the very agony of death itself; but ever he clung to that prayer and was decided that death would be preferable to yielding to the old enemy. Finally he emerged a victor from that place of squalor with a weak and emaciated body, but with eyes shining with hope and the assurance of triumph.

He was free in Christ Jesus. Dr. Macklin baptized him, thus placing the seal of his faith in his sincerity upon him. This was a great strength to Mr. Shi, for many of his fellow Christians were fearful that he might go back to the habit. After proving himself in Nanking he went back to the towns and villages in Anhwei, that had known him as the opium smoker and gambler and a man who had indulged in all kinds of sins. Here he proclaimed Christ as the Savior from sin. Was not he himself the most tangible proof? People, who had known him looked upon him and listened to him in amazement. He brought a new story to the old haunts.

His body that had become so weak with the use of opium now became strong again. With new and free life pulsating through his veins, the vigor and elasticity of youth returned. He thought nothing of walking twenty or thirty

miles and carrying his bedding and luggage to preach the gospel.

When Mr. Chen Loh-Suen, who first labored for his salvation, became old and poor and unable to work, Mr. Shi gave him from a fifteenth to a tenth of his salary every month.

Once Mr. Shi and a missionary were itinerating together. They were sleeping on the ground on some straw in the big common room of the inn, the only place there is for guests in small towns and villages. Their donkeys were stabled in the same room. The missionary was awakened in the night by cold. He thought he heard a titter, and looking about in the dim light of the oil dip saw the comforter by which he had been covered being slowly drawn from his body. He sat up to see the cause and found his donkey had hold of one corner of it and was pulling it. Mr. Shi was sitting up shaking with laughter. "That donkey wants it," he exclaimed with distinct emphasis on the "that."

My first experience with Mr. Shi was in the village where he lived and preached when I had been in the country less than two years. I was on my first itinerating trip with the Bible woman, Feng Su-mu. Mr. and Mrs. Shi entertained us royally in their home. My chief usefulness at that time was to attract the crowd that others might give them the message.

Mr. and Mrs. Shi had prayers every evening in the chapel and all the villagers were invited to join them. On the first evening Mr. Shi announced a hymn and said that Miss Kelly was

here and would lead the singing and he knew it would be very beautiful to hear. I had never seen that hymn book before. It had no notes. I had not the faintest idea what the hymn was. I hastily counted the number of Chinese characters in a line to see if I could fit any tune I knew to the words. Before this was all accomplished someone started to sing and all joined. Before we reached the end of the first line it would have made no difference whether I had started with the tune of "Nearer My God to Thee," or "Yankee Doodle" for each one was singing his own tune to his own time.

Mr. Shi never hesitated to tell a joke on himself. Once in preaching, I heard him emphasize the importance of courtesy, by relating an experience of his own. He was going to Luhoh by a way that he had not gone before. He came to a fork in the road and did not know whether to take the right or the left fork. Half a dozen women were working together in a field. He called to them, "Which road shall I take to Luhoh?" Not a head was lifted from the weed pulling. He spoke a little louder. "Shall I take the right or left fork to go to Luhoh?" Again the women acted like deaf mutes. This time he spoke decidedly louder, "Which fork shall I take to reach Luhoh?" The result was the same. Growing more puzzled and more desperate from such indifference he finally said, "Please, sisters, won't you kindly tell me the way to Luhoh?"

One women with a broad smile covering her face lifted herself and said, "If you had said that

at first you might have been a li on your way by this time." (A li is one-third of a mile.)

After having lived at South Gate for eight months we wanted to hold an evangelistic meeting. It was the May that Halle's comet was visible—at the time when it was most distinct to the vision. We had not noticed this or thought of it when we had set the dates for our meeting some months before. All heathen people fear that a comet portends some great evil to their nation. Hence it was a time of great unrest and superstitious fears.

We had asked Mr. Shi to be our evangelist at that meeting. From the first night he held his audiences spell-bound. This marvelous story-teller, now that he had the most wonderful story in all the world, was irresistible. How well he understood the human heart, and especially the temptations of his own people! With his master key all the experiences of historic or legendary characters as well as of his contemporaries had a new interpretation. All his ability to graphically depict any picture was now stimulated and used for God. Backed by his own marvelous experience of deliverance from sin he stirred his audiences as I have seen few congregations stirred, in all my life.

Many of his hearers, too, were people untrained to sit quietly through a discourse. This however, they did, night after night, because they wished to miss no word from his burning messages. Each night the crowd grew larger, and more people had to be turned away. The sixth

night the surplus crowd did not go away but blocked the street in front of the church. After the meeting was dismissed they still lingered. A few roughs, playing on the fears of the superstitious, told them we had a dragon in the building and tried to incite them to a riot. They became so boisterous that we had to ask the magistrate to send soldiers to disperse the crowd.

We had advertised a nine days' meeting. I was in favor of closing it at once, knowing if we had a riot it would mean we could not continue to live there and prosecute our work. When I stated that opinion, Mr. Shi looked at me kindly and asked: "Miss Kelly, do you want to let the toughs of the South City run your work for you?"

"No, Mr. Shi, I scarcely think I would like that," I replied.

"That is just what you are proposing to do in suggesting closing the meeting."

"But we cannot afford to have a riot, Mr. Shi," I insisted.

"We need not have a riot," he assured me. "I had a dream last night," he continued. "It was of snakes—many snakes. Whenever I dream of snakes, it means enemies. They always show up very soon afterward. I dreamed that I, with the assistance of you all, killed all those snakes. It is a good omen. We shall be able to overcome the enemies of the Lord here." He had gone to sleep praying that God would show us a way to overcome that hooting mob. No wonder that

they and snakes, deemed the common enemy of man, had become identical in his dreams!

My practical mind asserted itself. "How will you prevent a riot?" I demanded.

"Oh, there are several things we can do," he said. "In the first place, I would invite a half dozen big tall men missionaries to act as ushers. I would have each usher carry a cane. That would help. Then I would have Mr. A. E. Cory (he was in charge of the general work at the South Gate then) and Mr. Hsia, the Chinese pastor, go to the magistrate and thank him for sending soldiers to disperse the crowd last night. I would inform him that we expected to have three more days of meeting and tell him that we would appreciate his further protection. That will help."

The rest of the committee liked Mr. Shi's practical suggestions, and they voted to continue the meeting. I still demurred on one point. "If you think it wise to continue the meeting, of course I do not object. But I do think women and girls should not be allowed to attend the evening meetings."

"It is a matter of no great importance whether they do or not," said Mr. Shi, narrowing his eyes to mere slits, "but I believe I would not change my program."

Again the majority voted in favor of an unchanged program. It seemed to me all had gone wrong.

All of Mr. Shi's suggestions for precaution were executed, and the meeting was continued

to a most successful, yes, I might say triumphant close. Not only was that object attained, but we were spared the humiliation of having "the toughs of the South city run our work for us" for the rest of our days. Is he not a real friend who saves one from his own cowardice?

Mr. Shi is now eighty years old. He still takes walks of fifteen miles and still keeps his sense of humor and his smile and good cheer. But his greatest joy still remains in telling the "Wondrous Story"—the story that set him free.

CHAPTER IX.

HSIA KWEI-JEN—THE SCHOOLGIRL

English translation—Precious Chastity Summers

SHE was the only girl with bound feet that Miss Lyon ever received into the school without an agreement that she would unbind them. It was on this wise. Her father was the first of the family to be converted. Some years before this he had left his wife and four children to get on as best they could. Working as a boatman, he had met E. T. Williams, one of our early workers in China, who gave him the story of Christ, which changed his whole life. He went back to his family, took up his responsibility for them which he had cast off, and continued to study his Bible. Soon he brought his family to Nanking and put his two sons in the Christian Boys' School. As soon as the Girls' School opened the two girls entered. Kwei-jen was about eleven years old at this time.

Kwei-jen's feet were very tiny. But up at the old home, several hundred miles away, she had been betrothed when a small child. It would, of course, be a very great breach of contract to furnish a bride with large feet when she was supposed to have small ones. The family of the bridegroom to be was non-Christian. Even to mention to them the subject of unbinding her feet with the hope of getting their consent, would probably precipitate family trouble. So, since the girl herself and her parents were ap-

parently helpless in making any change, she was accepted.

Kwei-jen was not brilliant, but she was a plodder. She was always dignified. She never lost self-control.

After she had been in school a few years, she came to Miss Lyon one day and said: "I want my feet unbound."

"But," said Miss Lyon, "I thought your parents were afraid your fiance's family would make trouble if you did so."

"I cannot help it if they do. I believe it is wrong to have bound feet. God did not make them so. I want to do right, and am willing to take the consequences."

"But, suppose your fiance does not want you with large feet?"

"Then he need not take me," was her quite independent reply.

After consulting her parents, whom she had already won over, Kwei-jen unbound her feet.

Whether because of this act, or whether it was the desire of the girl and her parents, the engagement was broken off. This is usually a very difficult thing to do, but for some reason we never heard any of the details.

Kwei-jen kept plodding on in her school work and was one of the two girls in the first class that graduated from high school. After graduating she taught and when we opened our girls' day school at the South Gate she came to teach for us there. She was also deeply evangelistic and sometimes went with us on our itinerating

trips to the country. More than once she was with us at the Ling Inn.

She was always very sensible and kind—not highly temperamental or supersensitive, but always steady and always to be depended upon.

There was, in one of our churches, a Mr. Lung, who had come to us first as a personal tutor. He was a very superior appearing person. In fact he looked "the literati" every inch. He was a dreamer—an idealist. Through some French correspondence, which he had to have translated we discovered that he was a revolutionist.

Early in his work as a personal teacher he had told his pupil, who was a lady, the following story:

Once when traveling on a Yangtse river steamer he was feeling very lonely and homesick. As he was standing on the deck looking out o'er the muddy waters he almost unconsciously to himself quoted from the classics a saying which exactly expressed his feelings.

Immediately from within the cabin window which was just opposite where he stood a silvery voice replied with another quotation that fit his as two right hands fit each other when clasped together. As no face was visible, the window of frosted glass being down only from the top, he wondered if it might be just an accident. He walked around the deck a few times to consider this strange happening and then took the position he had had before and repeated another saying from the classics.

Again his quotation was matched with an

equally fitting one in the same silvery tones. To this romantic young man this was fate. Here was a mind in perfect harmony with his own. He immediately began to try to discover who was the occupant of that cabin.

He learned that there was a very beautiful young lady there who was traveling with her family. She had a servant with whom the young Lochinvar communicated and thus learned the destination of the family. That place immediately became his destination.

The servant was used as a messenger for carrying notes. After some days in her city a meeting was arranged in a temple. The girl went with the servant to the temple. As she bowed down before the idol her young classical lover stood near and again began quotations from the ancient books. He was answered as promptly and poetically as before. Finally he asked: "May I send a middleman?"

"You may do so," was her reply and she went back home with the servant.

It was not easy for this young stranger, though handsome and educated and apparently prosperous, to find a middleman for so important a mission. But love knows no limitations. The matter was undertaken. Alas, the parents had other plans for their daughter! When they learned the cause of her recent religious zeal and frequent visits to the temple they were scandalized! Should her conduct become known she would be disgraced for life. She was imprisoned in her own room where she died of a broken heart in less than two weeks.

Mr. Lung's father, also, had matrimonial plans for his son, but because of this vision beautiful that had been his for a few weeks he had to disobey his father's wishes. This had caused an irreparable breach between him and his father, and he had left home.

This tragedy seemed to explain the dreamy, contemplative, handsome Mr. Lung and his reason for being single, though he was past the age when Chinese young men are usually found so.

Imagine our surprise when we heard Mr. Lung was corresponding with Kwei-jen! At first it was a little difficult for us to make our adjustments. But did not Dante have his Beatrice, the vision of whom influenced his whole life, though he had never seen her but once? There was a Mrs. Dante in spite of Beatrice. Was it not a compliment to Kwei-jen that one so learned and so appreciative of beauty and romance should honor her with his attentions? Her father and brothers did not think so. Who was this Mr. Lung with all his soft speeches and satin garments? They did not know his family; they did not know where he came from. No telling how many wives he had or what kind of a life he had led! Besides, was he not a revolutionist? No, they might be poor, but they were respectable and would never consent to their sister's marrying that handsome stranger.

Kwei-jen did not storm and weep. It was not her way. She simply said: "All right, if I can't marry him I will never marry anyone else." And she continued her correspondence with Mr. Lung.

This romantic attitude on the part of their demure sister was very disconcerting. In fact it was alarming. Because of the way marriages have been made in China for a few score of centuries, romance is feared. It is not expected that such a thing will exist in the marriage relation. I once knew a white man to take this attitude. He had written a proposal of marriage to a very beautiful young lady. In it he had mentioned similar tastes, similar aims and other reasons why he considered the match desirable. In her reply she called attention to the fact that he had not once mentioned love. In answer he said he had never known love to bring anything but grief to young people, so he thought they were fortunate not to be troubled with it. This, of course, is a very abnormal attitude of mind for a white man to take. It is, however, the normal attitude of the Chinese man. His legal wife must be chosen by parents or someone very competent to judge. Later he may choose a concubine towards whom he has a romantic attachment. That naturally causes much jealousy on the part of the legal wife and much trouble in the family. Or, romance may come to a man or woman already wed to others. No wonder it gives pain; no wonder it is feared!

Kwei-jen continued teaching for us at South Gate and endeared herself to us and her pupils by her faithfulness and devotion to duty.

Then the revolution of 1911 came. With it came the desire of all parents to marry their daughters who were engaged, as quickly as possi-

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ble, since it is almost impossible for parents to protect their daughters in time of war. The husband seems to be better able to protect his wife. Anyway he must take the responsibility.

With the revolution also came an entirely different attitude toward the revolutionist. Was the republican not the great man now? Was not the man who had the vision early and never yielded it the one to be honored now?

The tide in that direction was so irresistible that even Kwei-jen's father and brothers were swept before it. They forgot all their fears about Mr. Lung's ancestry or personal life—perhaps too they had been watching his conduct for a few years. The revolutionist was the man of the hour.

Mr. Lung wanted to become engaged to Kwei-jen and marry her in a few days—an unprecedented thing in times of peace. But now there was war. It was a hero that wanted to marry their sister, one who had worked secretly for years to make China a republic. There was but one answer, of course they gave their consent.

The wedding took place in the most exciting time in China's recent history, and the bride was immediately taken to Shanghai to a place of safety.

There she has resided since in some affluence and with her kind, quiet, dignified manner and her devotion to her home and children she has kept the affection of her fastidious, romantic husband. He is as devoted to her as though she were the incarnation of the little girl who died for love of him.

CHAPTER X.

HSU TAI-TAI—MY SISTER

Hsu means permit. Hence, Hsu tai tai is Lady Permit.

NEARLY twenty years ago when she first came to us we called her the painted lady. Most Chinese ladies powder some when they dress up, and many of them paint as well, but Mrs. Hsu so outdid anyone of our acquaintances in that art that we gave her this name. Not only did her lips and cheeks wear a carmine hue and her face a deadly white, but around the edges of her hair her skin was heavily painted black as were also her eyebrows. Her clothes also were very gay in color for a woman of forty. We put her down in our minds as a shallow woman interested chiefly in her personal appearance and were surprised when she continued to come to our meetings regularly.

We were more surprised when she said one day, "Ling Siao-Dsei," (my Chinese name, which means literally Ling Little-Older Sister. Little Older-Sister is the title by which officials' daughters are addressed. It is the title they give single lady missionaries in Nanking.) "Ling Siao-Dsei," she said, "won't you be my god-sister? I would like to have you for my god-sister."

In China, everyone has a god-mother and most people have god-brothers and sisters. In fact there is no good English word to translate the term as applied to brothers and sisters. There

are also the "blood" brothers and sisters, a relationship which is established by taking blood from the veins of each in a solemn ceremony and inserting it into the veins of the other, a rite which is supposed to make them "blood" brothers or sisters forever. It is equivalent to taking an oath of eternal fidelity in friendship. The "god" sister or brother is nothing so solemn as that, but it is a relationship which is sacred and means little or much according to the disposition of the parties assuming it.

When the painted lady said: "Won't you be my 'god' sister? I would like to have you for my 'god' sister," I smiled. I really took it as a joke.

"You are not in earnest?" I said half questioningly.

"I am in earnest," was her emphatic reply. "I should very much like to have you for my 'god' sister."

"But I don't know how to be a 'god' sister," I demurred.

"I will teach you," she said eagerly.

"I would be sure to make some serious breach of your etiquette. I could not presume to enter such a relationship," I objected.

"Don't you want me for your sister?" she asked rather pathetically.

"It is not that I do not want you, but I am so ignorant of all the obligations entailed in such a relationship that I am sure I should make grave mistakes," I explained.

"But, I have told you I would teach you. You

will have me for your 'god' sister, won't you?" she said so longingly that I could not refuse.

"Oh, of course, if you really want me. And if you will put up with my blunders and will teach me my duties, I am willing," I answered somewhat reluctantly.

At the time I was thinking in my heart: "This is just a fad with her. Her life is so empty of interest, it will relieve the monotony somewhat to have a foreigner for a "god" sister. She will soon get tired of it." But there is where I was mistaken. I had let the paint and clothes very much influence my estimate of the woman. Indeed I think at that time I considered her about as deep as her paint.

But I could not refuse to be her "god" sister without hurting her feelings and offending her, and of course I could not do that however shallow I thought her to be.

Soon after she made a feast in her home to which she invited a few of our mutual friends, and to them and her family she announced that we were "god" sisters. From that time she always addressed me as "Mei-mei," (pronounced May-May), which means younger sister, and I always addressed her as "dsei-dsei," (pronounced Dsay-Dsay), meaning older sister.

She surprised me by her loyalty and the depth of character there was behind all that paint. Instead of our relationship being a fad with her, of which she would soon tire, as I supposed, it seemed to mean more to us both all the time. As I came to understand and appreciate her char-

acter she unfolded and developed in a very beautiful manner.

At first I was inclined to think she was very different from American women, but a better understanding revealed a great similarity instead.

Once early in our acquaintance she was absent from our Thursday afternoon woman's meeting. This was unusual, and I noticed it. The next week I said: "Older Sister, I missed you from the meeting last Thursday."

"Yes, we had a festive occasion in our home, and I could not come," was her reply.

"Festive occasion? What festive occasion?"

"My husband brought home a concubine." This was said with a smiling face.

Festive occasion! My heart was bewildered. How could any wife speak of such an event as a festive occasion? "Oh," I thought, "they must be fundamentally very different from ourselves!"

But that was only the appearance she must wear before the women in whose presence I had asked the question. To them she must give no sign that she in any way criticised her husband. She was too loyal a wife and too genuine a lady to do that.

A few months later she called on me alone—her sister—and poured out the deepest sorrows of her heart, and then I learned how in spite of smiles and polite talk, the hearts of all women are really alike.

Her burden became greater than she could bear, and she came to me and burst into tears.

"Oh, younger sister," she cried, "My life has become a burden. It seems to me I cannot live."

"Why, dear Older Sister, what is the matter?"

"You remember I told you about the day my husband brought home the concubine. Oh, my life has been bitter since then. Bitter unto death, bitter unto death." She waited to gain something of self-control and then proceeded: "I am past forty years old and have never given birth to a child. My husband wanted offspring, of course. Everyone should have offspring. I begged him to wait until I was forty, hoping I might yet present him with children, but none came. I could ask him to wait no longer. He took the concubine. She is a coarse, vulgar woman. I cannot help loathing her in my sight. My life is almost unendurable. I wish I could die."

I soothed her as best I could. I tried to get her to see that the concubine was really no more responsible for her position than was my sister. She had been sold by an avaricious father who could get a larger sum for her by selling her for a concubine than he could obtain by selling her for a lawful wife. They were both the victims of a wrong organization of society. The concubine's lack of culture was a result of lack of opportunity in her training. I admonished my sister to try to be patient with her and teach her, for she was young. And I tried to persuade her

to make the best of a situation which she was powerless to change.

A few years later the husband died of tuberculosis. The concubine had given him no children. She disappeared from the home, and I never asked any questions.

The custom of ancestral worship is the reason for the Chinese feeling that it is a dreadful calamity not to have sons. Sons they must have at any price; for if they do not, then all their ancestors will be without anyone to burn the incense and the paper money that is supposed to change into real gold in the spirit world and pay for necessities. There is no one to offer the food and wine of which they believe the spirits needs must partake.

If there are only girls in the family, the parents choose a husband for one daughter from a family where there are several sons. This son-in-law is adopted as a son and takes the family name. He then can perform the functions of a son in the ancestral worship.

In the Hsu family there was a special reason for anxiety in regard to posterity. Although there were two brothers in this very prosperous home there was but one grandchild and she a hopeless idiot. She was the daughter of the second son, a roué. Her mental condition was doubtless the result of her father's sins.

Once after a meeting when the women were drinking tea in my sitting room, one woman said to my sister's sister-in-law, "So you are the wife of the second young official Hsu? Well, I

want you to tell your husband that his mistress who lives in a part of the house we occupy is very disorderly and we are not going to put up with it."

"Is it possible?" said poor Second Sister-in-law. "I did not know it. I will tell my husband." One could see her turn pale under her paint, even though she wore it nearly as thick as my sister. This is all a part of high social life in China.

After the death of her husband my sister devoted herself more fully to studying Christianity. She tried to learn to read—a slow process for her.

She surprised me one day by saying: "I remember the talk you gave the very first meeting I attended."

"What was it?" I catechised.

Then she related the Old Testament story I had used, and the lessons I had deducted. I was amazed. I had supposed she was too shallow to take in anything at that stage.

The time came when she wanted to come into the church, and the day was set for her baptism. The family learned about it and sent her off to the country to spend some weeks with relatives. I never saw one more humiliated than was my poor sister upon her return. She wept bitterly. "To think I am a woman in my forties and should be sent off into the country as if I were a naughty child. Can I never do what I think right? Oh, younger sister, you can never understand the bondage of us poor Chinese women!"

I tried to turn her heart to Christ and tell her that He had come to "set at liberty them that were bound," and the Chinese women were among them.

She was greatly comforted when we made her understand that Christ understood, and that He knew she had not turned away from Him when she did not appear for baptism at the appointed time. We led her to a deeper trust in His ability to help her individually in her own problem with her mother-in-law. She began to pray that God would influence her mother-in-law's heart to permit her to come into the church.

This old mother-in-law was a confirmed gambler. She spent her days and often her nights gambling. It is the great temptation of the leisure class. Servants do all the work. These women can't read. In all the days when this old lady's character was forming, it was improper for her to go out. How shall an active mind employ itself under such circumstances? Many resort to gambling. My sister had occupied herself with embroidery and dressing her hair and painting her face in those early years. No wonder the paint got thick!

My sister was a very friendly soul. One evening upon my return after a day's absence, Miss Raw, my associate, said: "Your sister called while you were away. She stayed for some time, and we had a very good time talking."

"Did you? I am glad. What did you talk about?"

She had only been in China a few months.

She thought for a moment and then replied: "I did not understand very much that the sister said, but I think she understood me."

In a few days I saw my sister. "I am sorry," I said to her, "that I was absent when you called the other day."

"Yes, I too was sorry, but Miss Raw and I had a very good visit."

"Did you, indeed? What did you talk about?"

She, too, thought for a moment. "She talked her talk and I talked mine," was her rejoinder. It was evident that to both these ladies, the idea of an enjoyable conversation was the privilege of talking!

My sister's friendliness led her to make friends with all who attended our meetings, regardless of their social position. Her warm heart won many where a more intellectual person would have failed. She brought friends and relatives to the meetings, and some of them were won to Christ.

She, herself, was baptized a year or so after her first attempt, if not with the consent of her mother-in-law, at least without her direct opposition. That august personage had decided to ignore what she considered her daughter-in-law's freakish ideas in religion, I think.

My sister was very loyal to me in not permitting anyone to take advantage of me if she knew it. One day she came to me and said: "Ma Third Sister-in-law is going to come to enter your school."

"Yes, I heard something to that effect."

"She is going to ask you to make a special rate to her for board and tuition. Don't you do it. She can afford to pay. Her husband has a good position in Shanghai. She does not need the special rate. When she asks you for it, tell her you have information as to her ability to pay. You are my sister. It is my duty to give you this information."

Ma Third Sister-in-law was indeed surprised when I met her request with my information, and I am sure wondered where I could have gotten it so accurately, even to the amount of her husband's salary.

After her husband's death, my sister adopted a son to carry on the family name. This son clerked in a dry goods store. One winter when the Chinese New Year vacation time came he returned home and said: "Mother, my employer says he has too many clerks. He is laying off three of us, myself and two others."

In telling me about it she said: "I went right into my room and fell on my knees, and I cried: "Oh, God, you know how hard it is for a young man to get a position when he has lost his old one. My son must not be idle. Father, you undertake for my son. I cannot have him here at home idle."

The thing that my sister so much feared in having her son at home idle was the gambling den that was conducted in the gentlemen's guest room by her brother-in-law.

"I pleaded with God," she continued, "and while I was still on my knees my son called me in a glad voice, and I went out to meet him."

"Mother," he exclaimed. "The proprietor has sent word that after all he thinks he can't get along without me. He wants me to come back after the holidays."

Her faith in prayer was unbounded. At another time, buildings were on fire just across the street from their home. The street was very narrow. She gave her whole time to prayer during the fire and doubted not that God had heard her in allowing no spark to come nigh their dwelling.

She took a very beautiful niece into her home and educated her. This girl also became a Christion.

My sister's conscience became very sensitive, especially in regard to idolatry. One day she came to me hastily with a pale face. (The paint had disappeared at just about the rate that Christianity had entered her heart.)

"Younger Sister," she said in a frightened voice. "I have sinned. I don't know what to do about it. I have come to consult you."

"Elder Sister, whatever have you done?" I asked in much wonder.

"I was invited to a feast. I supposed it was an ordinary feast. I got clear into the women's quarters before I noticed that the place was reeking with the smoke of incense and that there were idols stationed everywhere. 'What is this?' I asked, in surprise. 'What does all this mean?' "

" 'It is an idol's feast,' they explained.

" 'An idol's feast!' I exclaimed. 'Excuse me please; I must return home at once.'

"'Return home at once?' they asked in surprise. 'What do you mean? Why must you return home at once?'

"'I am a Christian. I do not worship idols,' and I hastened out of the place as rapidly as I possibly could in spite of my hostess trying to detain me."

"But elder sister, I do not see how you have sinned if you went there not knowing it was to be an idolatrous feast and left as soon as you learned it."

"But younger sister, I was right in the presence of those idols. I breathed that incense-laden air. I feel contaminated, I feel polluted."

We entered together in the Presence of Him who taketh away all sin before my sister felt cleansed from pollution.

When her last illness came upon her an older sister tried every means under the sun to get my sister to return to idolatry. Poor soul, she was truly afraid that the foreign religion would damn my sister's soul. My sister was firm as adamant. She got her mother-in-law and brother-in-law to promise that she might have a Christian funeral there in that heathen home—that there were to be absolutely no idolatrous practices observed. They kept their promises to her. What seemed to be a real triumph for my sister was the fact that at the last funeral feast the old mother-in-law said to me: "You have come here for years, just as though you were a relative of the family. I wish you to continue doing so. Your "Older Sister" is gone, but we always think of you as 'Younger Sister' to us all."

CHAPTER XI.

CHANG DA-MA—THE BLIND WOMAN

Chang means Display. Da-ma, literally Great Mother, is used for "Aunt" and applied to elderly ladies. Hence, Chang Da-Ma means Aunt Display.

CHANG DA-MA was one of the very first Chinese women I ever met. Her little daughter, Mei-fen, led her to church the very day I arrived and when I was introduced to her she told Miss Lyon she wanted to see me with her hands; which meant that she wanted to be allowed to run her hand ever so lightly over my face to learn what kind of features God had given me. She had an apologetic manner and a little giggle when she did it, yet she gave close attention to her "seeing," as she probably never asked twice to see any one's face with her hands.

When about three years of age she had had small pox, which had left her blind. She had almost no memory of the days when she had seen God's beautiful world.

When she was six years old the Tai-ping rebels entered Nanking and all the people were thrown into consternation. Her parents fled but the blind child was left behind. At that time many were separated from their families and these lived in companies of from ten to twenty. She lived in a company of about twenty women and a former neighbor, moved with pity, cared for her.

Her work there was to pound the husk off

the rice. From morning till night she had to wield the heavy stone stamper and pound the rice in a stone mortar.

After three years her mother returned. Then with many other women and girls she helped in the manufacture of gunpowder.

She remembered well her girlhood and was one of the three Chinese who declared to me that she had prayed to God before she ever had heard the Christians tell about him. It was on this wise. When she was about twelve years of age she and her mother and sister were going to her grandmother's home which was a long distance over a strange mountain road. They were walking and leading her, of course. A very bad electrical storm came up. The rumble of the thunder was frightful. Her mother tried to hurry her, so they might all run and get out of the storm. The poor, blind girl hurried as fast as she could, but she could not run fast over a strange mountain road. Her mother scolded her and threatened her and finally said they would leave her on the road and run to shelter. Absolute terror took possession of her heart. A blind girl to be left alone on a strange road in a terrific storm! Can you imagine a situation more terrifying to a child's heart? Her horror was of falling over a steep precipice, or of being torn to pieces by wolves which infested these parts. "I had never heard of a God of Spirit," she said, "but it was to Him that my heart cried in that awful moment. I begged Him not to let my mother leave me and he heard my prayer.

We all took refuge in a home by the way as the storm burst upon us."

She told us of another harrowing experience of her girlhood, though she did not say that she prayed then.

When she was about fifteen the Tai-ping rebellion was still going on. A soldier, whose duty it was to sit in a watch tower at night and beat a tom tom, paid her mother for the blind daughter to take his place while he went off and played "hookey." Fancy a picket hiring a blind girl to keep his watch! That is what he did, however, night after night. She sat there the long night through, beating the tom toms, with every fear that a vivid imagination could conjure chasing through her young heart. In the darkness, however, the substitution was never discovered by friend or foe, so no harm came to her.

While still young she married a blind fortune teller and they brought up six big healthy children, four boys and two girls, all of whom had normal eyesight.

Mei-fen was her youngest child and she was the one whose duty it was to lead the blind mother. We thought Mei-fen should go to school. "Who will lead me?" poor Chang Da-ma would ask. Finally one of her little grandchildren was considered old enough for that duty and Mei-fen came to school. She finished the grades and married a doctor to whom she presented five sons. She taught a Christian school in her home during the first years of her married

life and has always been a strong influence for Christ in her home and neighborhood.

At the beginning of the Boxer trouble Chang Da-ma's sons said to her, "Mother, you have eaten that foreign devil's religion and now we shall all be killed; for they are not going to kill the Christians only, but all the families of the Christians."

"No," she replied to them, "You will not have to suffer. If the Boxers come I will stand out and say, 'I am the Christian. These others have no part in it. You may take my head off.' "

Then turning to me she asked: "If the Boxers behead me, don't you think the Lord will give me eyes in heaven?"

Chang Da-ma was always a true friend. One never-to-be-forgotten evening, during the same Boxer trouble, she came to our house about nine o'clock and pleaded with us to go away. She said her sons had heard in the city that every foreigner was to be killed that night and every foreign home, church, school or hospital was to be burned. We did not believe this would come to pass and we told her so, thanking her for her kind solicitation. She urged and begged that we go away. We reminded her that "God is good and he will take care of us."

"Yes, but the people are bad. You do not know how bad," was her reply.

We assured her that God was stronger than all the bad men combined and could restrain their evil designs, and that He would do so unless it was for the advancement

of his kingdom for us to die, in which case we were very willing.

She was not convinced. She stamped both feet and cried, "If I could only make you understand the danger."

I finally said, "Chang Da-ma, you ask us to go away; where would we go? Everyone knows we are foreigners. Were we to try to disguise ourselves in Chinese dress our walk would betray us. Whoever would shelter us would be liable to the same fate as ourselves. We could not ask any friend to incur such a risk for us."

"Oh, I don't know where to tell you to go; but I do implore you to go away," she pleaded.

"It cannot be done tonight," I answered.

"Then promise me one thing," she continued, "and that is that you will not go to bed before midnight. The attack is to be made at that hour." It was already past eleven so the promise was not hard to give.

While we lived at the Drum Tower she often came to us with a sad heart when some member of her family had been treating her unkindly. We seemed to be able to comfort her very little by talking to her. She was inclined to argue when we tried that. So when she had unburdened her heart we learned to say, "Chang Da-ma let us sing, 'Jesus Loves Me.'" She would join in the singing and soon the muscles of her face would begin to relax. By the time the hymn was finished her face was quite peaceful.

Then we would say to her, "Now we will sing

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your favorite, and would begin, 'The Great Physician Now is Near, The Sympathizing Jesus.'" Long before the hymn was completed her face was beaming with joy. After I moved to the South Gate she always made me an annual visit along about Christmas time. She tried to be present at one Christmas entertainment at least. As the children sang their happy songs and told of God's great gift to the world her face was radiant. The Christ child had brought the one great joy into her life that she had known. Mei-fen was the only one of her six children who ever came into the church.

Of her four sons, only her oldest, who was a caterer at feasts, could be considered filial. The others were indifferent or positively unkind to the mother, who had given them life and brought them to manhood under so great difficulties. Now she is with the redeemed and I believe is permitted to see the beauties of paradise. What must this mean to one with an eager heart and mind who was obliged for more than seventy years to "see with her hands!"

CHAPTER XII.

GONG DA-MA—THE FARMER'S WIFE

Gong means Salute. Da-Ma, Great Mother, used for Aunt. Hence, Gong Da-ma, Aunt Salute.

THE Gong farmhouse stands on the bank of a narrow mountain stream that is clear as crystal. A few large trees shade the space in front of the door. It is a most inviting place, especially in spring and summer. At the back of the house there is a mill run by the mountain stream. Here, before the family became Christian, incense was ground.

The house is of mud and the roof of thatch, in spite of the many acres that the Gongs are said to possess. The earthen floor is swept clean, however, and as the winds from the Pukow hills nearby sweep through the rooms and mingle with the odor of stored grain and smoked ham, they give one a sensation of wholesome country life. The farmhouse is an isolated one, which is not very common in China where most of the farmers live in villages for mutual protection. In this domain, Gong Da-ma presides in a most efficient manner. She not only controls the house, but she manages the farm as well, not because her husband is dead, but because she is capable of doing so. She sends him off to the town nearby to take a place in business.

She is tall and comely, and her eagle eyes see everywhere. Her clothing is the coarse blue cotton garments that the poorest farmer's wife

wears, because they are more suitable for the work she does, than any others. Still, she often wears them when she comes to the city to do business, but that, I think, is a matter of habit largely and bred of utter indifference to style. She feels more at home in those garments, and she is entirely independent of what anyone may think of her appearance. If the owning of many acres does not give one the liberty to dress as one pleases, what is the use of the acres?

She was a woman of most unusual physique when I first knew her. Often in my country work I would see her in a village on market day, five, ten or twelve miles from home. Her position as manager of the farm took her to these marts. If the village were five or six or seven miles she would walk there and back; if it were ten or twelve she would probably ride a donkey.

We usually went to see her once a year, and when she came to the city she would always come to see us, and if there were competent help at home, would sometimes stay over night. She was always greatly interested in everything, as her very alert mind was constantly asking for the why of things.

In those days she had a son in the Nanking Christian College. He was a very fine young man, and we were all greatly interested in him. We heard whispers that he was interested in Mei Fen, the daughter of the blind woman. Since Mei Fen was one of our very fine Christian school girls, we were very glad. However, when the young Mr. Gong was approaching the end

of his junior year we heard that his mother was considering engaging him to another girl. We immediately took a trip across the Yangtse to the Gong home and told Gong Da-ma about the rumor we had heard.

"It is no rumor," she said, "but the truth."

"Who is this girl that you are considering? Is she a Christian?" I asked.

"A Christian? No, not now. But she is young and will be what we want her to be."

"Dear Gong Da-ma, don't be so sure about that. What are the superior qualities in this young lady that you prefer her above your son's choice?"

"Well," said Gong Da-ma, "we are farmers." She spoke in the plural, though she was the only one of the family engaged in that occupation. "It is better for our son to marry a farmer's daughter."

"When your son graduates from college, you expect him to come home and operate the farm?"

"Oh, no, he will probably teach or do something of that kind. My husband is a merchant, but I stay here and run the farm."

"Dear Gong Da-ma, you are a very unusual woman. Not one woman in a hundred could or would do what you are doing. It would not be right to expect it of your son's wife; she will want to be where her literary husband is, and she ought to be with him."

"I need her to stay here with me and help me

on the farm; that is why I have chosen a farmer's daughter."

"You have not finally settled this matter; you are only considering it?" I asked eagerly.

"I have settled the matter. I was going to market this autumn to a neighboring town. As I was riding along the road on my donkey I saw some women on a hillside cutting fuel. Among them was a fine, healthy-looking girl with red cheeks. I stopped and talked with the women and asked the girl some questions. I learned who her parents were and where she lived. I decided at once that she was the girl to be my son's wife. I engaged a middleman to consult the girl's parents. They were willing. The betrothal has taken place. The legal papers have been exchanged. The betrothal presents have been sent."

This had gone much further than I had dreamed. My heart sank; I knew that nothing but unhappiness could result from an alliance like that. I could not restrain myself from saying further. "Then nothing can be done? No change can be made? Your son must marry this girl?"

"My son must marry this girl. I told you the legal papers had been exchanged. There is no retreating after that."

I could have wept. I thought of her polished son with his western education and Christian ideals united for life with this ignorant country girl, whose chief recommendation even to the mother was that she had red cheeks.

While this conversation was going on we were walking along a path that wound round a hill, for we were going to see one of the neighboring Christian girls who was sick. Gong Da-ma's only other child was a little boy of three who was trotting along with us. "Gong Da-ma," I said, "you have done a foolish thing in engaging your elder son to a girl who is in no way prepared to be his wife. You have also disobeyed the Bible for it says, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' You still have one son. Be wiser when you come to choose his life companion."

"Oh, that is already settled. The very year this child was born some very good friends of ours had a little girl born in their family. We all thought it very appropriate that these children should be engaged. So that was all settled before they were a year old."

How utterly baffled I felt! I bowed my head and thought we must wait for the next generation to understand the importance of these vital things.

But Gong Da-ma learned before many years had passed that she had made a good many miscalculations. Her son utterly refused to have the girl she had chosen for him, even to the day of the wedding. The bride came in her closed red sedan chair; the groom was forced into his beautiful wedding garments; the feast was served to scores of guests; and as young people are often bashful on such occasions, the groom was just naturally pushed into place at

each stage of the proceedings. China has not had this method of betrothal and marriage for all these centuries without learning how to manage any youth who may be obstreperous.

In fact it was much easier for Gong Da-ma to manage this part of the affair than her daughter-in-law's temper, afterward, for she proved to have a violent one. Would she stay on the farm and help her mother-in-law? No, indeed. She had married a teacher and she was going to live as became a teacher's wife. That of course was as it should be, but the tragedy of those young people, being forced together in the marriage relation, was wicked! After years of suffering, in spite of their three children and of his efforts to give her a Christian education, and in spite of his success as a university professor, the tragedy still remains.

Gong Da-ma took her second daughter-in-law into the home when she was younger and trained her in her own ways. Thus far she has been able to keep her with her on the farm although her second son also is a university man. Gong Da-ma now enjoys what has been considered the ideal condition for Chinese women from time immemorial—she has the ministrations of a daughter-in-law in her approaching old age.

CHAPTER XIII.

YU SU-MU—THE EX-GAMBLER

Yu means Me; Su-mu means Teacher's Mother or Wife, used as we do Mrs. Hence, Mrs. Me.

MRS. YU already had a grown daughter when her husband, who was a Christian, introduced us twenty-five years ago. Her older son, in the 'teen age, was in the Christian Boys' School and there were two younger children in the home.

Mrs. Yu was a woman of very superior appearance. One at once recognized her as a person with a trained mind. We found so few educated women in those days that she immediately excited our interest, and we began making inquiries as to how she had obtained her education. We found that she was the daughter of a minor official. When she was a child a tutor was employed in the home for her brothers as is quite customary in wealthy Chinese homes. She went into the schoolroom unbidden and used her eyes and ears. She obtained books and looked on when her brothers were reciting. If she did not rightly hear a character or forgot it she would go to one of her brothers and ask, "What is this character?"

"Go away. I have no time for you," would be his answer.

She would go to another brother. "Please tell me what this character is."

"Oh, you think you, a girl, will learn to read,

do you?" was the scornful reply. "Well, I won't tell you."

She would go to a third. "Please, big brother, do kindly tell me the name of this character." Probably to get rid of her he would tell her. This difficulty in getting what she wanted made both her perception and her memory very keen. She must observe very closely when they recited in order to hear accurately what they called the characters. Because of the great difficulty in getting even a grudging answer when she must ask the name of a character she must never forget it.

She was only eleven years old when her father died. A man in public life in China must have such an elaborate funeral that often his family is impoverished. Such was the case in this family; consequently the daughter was betrothed and married to a merchant in order to cut down family expenses.

Mr. Yu was a merchant in moderate circumstances. After he became a Christian he was very anxious that his wife should understand Christianity so he introduced her to us. Mrs. Yu was always polite to us, but I always felt that I was being held at a distance. She invited me to her home and frequently attended our meetings, yet I never felt we were getting any nearer together. She seemed very worldly to me. At that time I could not understand why. I coveted her soul for the kingdom, not only for her own sake and the sake of her husband and family, but for the sake of others she could help.

A woman with an education would be especially influential in leading others.

After knowing her about five years, I asked her to be my guest for a week at a Bible Institute four miles away. She tried to find excuses for not accepting, but I would take none. She came, and during the study of the Book of Mark she was converted. What a change in her from the very beginning! Instead of holding me at a distance she soon became the warmest friend, for she had a great, affectionate heart. Instead of attending church occasionally, no heat or cold, rain or mud could keep her away.

She told me the secret of her former worldliness. She had been a gambler. Her husband's income being small she at one time had had a private school in her home, but she found she could make more money gambling. Since she had a trained mind she could win more often than lose. It was this that held her back so long from surrender to Christ.

She had been a vegetarian, striving to save her soul by denying herself meat rather than by cleansing her life from sin.

As a Christian she developed rapidly. The surrender having been made, it was complete. Whatever I asked her to do she was willing to try. She taught illiterate women to read. She testified to her own experience. Her power of oratory, unknown to herself before, when used in expressing the experiences that caused her heart to burn with zeal, was very compelling.

It was interesting to hear her tell of the dif-

ference in understanding of the spirit-filled heart. "Before I became a Christian," she said, "I could read all the characters in the Bible, but I could not understand it. When I gave my heart to Christ, it seemed as though the pages had become illumined. I knew what they meant." She was unknowingly giving very pertinent testimony to Paul's statement, "These things must be spiritually discerned."

Though born an official's daughter, her democracy was very pronounced. Once two evangelists from abroad—a man and his wife—were coming to our city to hold union meetings. These meetings were to be, at the request of the evangelists, for the upper classes. We local workers had been asked to cultivate and invite to the meetings the official, literary and merchant classes. The gentlemen in these classes were to be invited to the men's meetings; their wives to the women's meetings. When this program was announced, Mrs. Yu's face was a study. First she looked greatly puzzled, then disgusted. "This is the first time I ever heard that the gospel was intended only for special classes. Jesus said, 'Unto the poor the gospel is preached,' " was her comment.

"It is not that the gospel is not intended for all," I explained. "But these people have prepared their message in such a way as to adapt it to those special classes."

"Do you mean to tell me that if a lady brings her servant with her to the meeting, the servant will not be admitted? Impossible. In the first

place, etiquette demands that the lady be attended by her servant and in the second place, could not that servant sitting by her mistress hear and understand the truth, and, accepting it, be saved?"

"But would she understand it if it had been specially prepared for her mistress?" I asked.

"Understand it? Of course she could understand it if her mistress could." This I had known long before I had asked the question. The wives of many officials, literary men and rich merchants, are so restricted in their communication with the world that their minds are less developed than those of their servants. The lady's daily occupation with the embroidery needle or at the card table has not furnished her as broad an education as the servant has received in her freer contact with life and problems on the street where she must go to bargain and buy.

Mrs. Yu once expressed her opinion of the similiarity between Chinese and Westerners, in a forceful manner. A very ardent, but bad-tempered admirer of her second daughter was causing trouble. She was telling my co-worker about it. My associate did not wish to take sides in the matter, so she said: "I do not understand anything about the courtship customs of China. I could not express an opinion." Mrs. Yu was very much wrought up. The young man was trying to make it appear that he had received some encouragement from the family and that they were in honor bound to engage their young-

er daughter to him. "I want to ask you this question," said Mrs. Yu. "If a young man in America on being refused by a young lady told her that he could go out and find a half dozen more just as good as she, and if he had gone and **not** found them, and then come back again and asked her to marry him, would she do it?" Mrs. Yu's understanding of psychology enabled her to know that the color or nationality of the girl would not make much difference in that case.

Mrs. Yu now spends her mornings teaching in the Bible Training School where she is very efficient. In the afternoons she visits the sick, teaches the illiterate, encourages mothers to send their children to school and in every way tries to be a good neighbor to those with whom she at one time gambled and from whom she tried to win their money.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNG DA-REN—THE PHILANTHROPIST

Sung is the name of a dynasty. Da-ren means great man, the title given an official.

THE revolution of 1913 had Nanking for its headquarters, hence this city was besieged during the summer for the brief space that Hwan Hsing (Yellow Progress) and his friends were in power.

When the government troops entered the city there was looting, rapine and murder for three days, as the general had promised his troops there should be, in spite of the fact that he had agreed with Dr. Macklin that his soldiers would go in peaceably.

Three days after this night-mare of horrors to the people, while the dried pools of blood were still visible in the streets, I entered the city. I came on the first train that had come from Shanghai for more than a month. The streets were full of soldiers armed to the teeth. Each was carrying so much ammunition it seemed as though they would be weighed down by it. You may imagine the condition of the people. As I passed the doors of the shops and stores of my friends they were silent. When I entered to see how these friends had fared I beheld empty shelves, broken show cases, with the fragments of glass still scattered over the floors and, worst of all, those formerly prosperous proprietors standing there in old thin faded

garments with faces ashen with fear. All their stock had been looted and in most cases their furniture and personal clothing and bedding as well. Many places had been burned. This had always occurred when the occupants tried to lock out the soldiers or if the latter had reason to suppose everything had not been surrendered to them.

It was indeed a place for missionaries. The people were without clothing and many were without food. The Red Cross rushed to the rescue as they always do in times of emergency.

Mr. Bailey, of the University of Nanking, had written to me to ask if I could distribute rice provided by the Red Cross to the needy ones of my center. I got the impression from his letter that he had an inexhaustible supply of rice and that he needed help in distributing it. In order to do it in an orderly way and to get it into the hands of those who needed it most, we registered three hundred old ladies past sixty years of age who would each be given a peck of rice a month. Just after we had given to two hundred only, the Red Cross' supply of rice ran out. It had taken some time to register the women and we only gave out to fifty at a time once in five days. These women were so needy. All of them were dependent on others. Now that the people had scarcely anything, these dependents would be the first to starve. We had registered them in good faith. We prayed that God would supply this food which we believed He meant these poor old souls to have. We our-

selves provided for the fifty who came on the next day appointed.

We had registered one hundred and sixty younger women to sew and had funds given us to buy material for plain garments. One day Dr. Macklin brought over from his dispensary a very elegantly dressed old gentleman, whom he introduced as Sung Da-ren. He told me that Sung Da-ren was a very philanthropic man and a member of the Red Cross; that he had heard of our relief work and had come to see it. Dr. Macklin left us and it was still an hour before the appointed time for the women to come for their sewing.

It is very interesting to observe how God leads in the answering of our prayers. As I entertained Sung Da-ren for that hour it came into my mind that if Sung Da-ren was a member of the Red Cross perhaps he could get some rice for our old ladies. I then told him of our predicament. How we had registered these old ladies hoping to help them all winter and how, before each one had received her first peck of rice, the supplies were exhausted. He promised to see what he could do about it.

A little later the younger women came for their sewing. The garments had been cut by an expert tailor and were taken home by the women to be returned when finished. Each woman was paid one third more for making the garment than the regular price paid by ready-to-wear clothing merchants. By the system we used, the garments finished could be received and paid

for quickly and the ones to be made could be given out even more quickly. Sung Da-ren sat quietly observing it all. When we had finished he left saying he would return to report to us what the Red Cross could do for our old ladies.

The next day he came to report that the Red Cross had no more supplies. I presume my face showed disappointment.

"You told me fifty old ladies are to come for rice tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"Yes, fifty," I said, "and I have supplies for only twenty."

"What are you going to do about the other thirty?" he inquired.

"I do not know what I am going to do," I replied in a brown study for I had bought all myself that I felt I could afford.

"What will you do about the thirty?" he asked again as if he felt I must have a solution.

But I had no solution and he saw it in my blank face and heard it in my repetition, "I do not know."

Then Sung Da-ren looked very happy. He stood up. "I have some friends," he said. (I rather think they were fictitious). "I told them about your work here. I told them how genuine it is, how careful you have been to register only the very needy ones, and they have agreed to furnish you rice for your old ladies until March." This was October.

I too stood up. I could not suppress my emotion. Tears streamed down my face and I said,

"Oh, Sung Da-ren, God has used you to answer our prayers."

"Yes, I believe in your God and in His ability to answer prayer," he said, to my astonishment. My head was bowed still further in humility and thankfulness.

He asked me where the rice should be delivered and assured me it would be in the bin before night as we began giving out at 6 A. M. "It will always be in the bin the afternoon before you distribute to your fifty from now until March," he promised and it always was.

Sometimes he would come to witness the distribution. The first time he was present when some of the women were thanking me for the rice. I said to them, "Thank this man," pointing to Sung Da-ren.

He was very much annoyed. "I do not want a soul to know that I am providing this rice," he said.

When all had been given out a half dozen poor old souls, who had no tickets, hung about the door imploring us to give them some. We had none to give. I turned to Sung Da-ren and said, "This is what breaks my heart, to have to turn people away who are really hungry."

"Now, Miss Kelly," he said in a very fatherly way, "You know there are thousands of hungry people in Nanking. You decided in the beginning that three hundred were all you could undertake to feed and do your other work. These are your responsibility. The others are not. Try and think about these three hundred, whom you

are helping. You must not let those outside your responsibility worry you."

At the close of our work I gave Sung Da-ren a very beautifully bound copy of the New Testament. I told him I was sure anyone so interested in helping his fellowmen would love to read about "Him who went about doing good."

Every year since then, Sung Da-ren invites Dr. and Mrs. Macklin and all the South Gate workers to a feast in his home outside the South Gate. It is in connection with a mausoleum for which he is responsible. In two of the courts grow very large peonies. They are called the tree peony and grow something like a shrub. One plant will sometimes contain more than a hundred flowers. His peony plants are more than forty years old. He always has his feast for us when they are filled with their large, gorgeous, reddish-lavender flowers. His table is so placed that his guests face this beautiful sight.

He has not come into the church yet, though I know our men have often tried to win him. But he tells us that he invites us and loves to have us as friends, because of the principles for which we stand and because of what we are doing for his people.

1. HSU TAI-TAI, BEFORE HER CONVERSION
2. WAN HSING-LAN, THE MANCHU GIRL

CHAPTER XV.

MAO SAN SAO-DSI
The Merchant's Wife

Mao means Hair. San means third. Sao-dsi means Sister-in-law.

WE rented a room in the Mao home in which to carry on a girls' school. Tsu Ging Ing was the teacher and she was a very warm-hearted Christian. As she taught the Christian books that we have in the curricula of all the day schools, she put a great deal of enthusiasm into it. The chapel hour was one into which she put much of her soul.

The women of the Mao family—there were five daughters-in-law—were very curious as to what our school would be like. Whenever they had spare time they would come in and sit on the back seats and listen. They especially liked to come during the chapel hour for that was when the children were taught to sing.

Mao Second Sister-in-law and Mao Third Sister-in-law soon became interested in the message of the chapel hour as well as its songs. They came every day and showed their interest. It took some courage for they had to endure the sneers of their sisters-in-law and all the insinuations and inuendoes that these people are adept in using. They paid as little attention as possible to this persecution and tried to exemplify the Christian spirit and finally they both began studying that they might learn to read

their Bibles. The ridicule did not affect them deeply, as they had each other. Often they had their prayers together.

They had been studying Christianity about a year and were thinking very seriously of baptism when Mao Second Sister-in-law took sick and died. Then, indeed, poor Third Sister-in-law had a hard time. Three against two is not so bad, but three against one can make it very uncomfortable for the one. Mao Third Sister-in-law however, was a strong character and no amount of sneers or calling of names could deter her from her purpose. When she came for baptism, we asked her if her husband had given his consent.

"I have not asked him," was her reply. "He goes where he likes and does what he pleases without my knowledge or consent. He pleases to do evil. If I please to do good, why should I stir up his opposition by telling him about it? I shall have to do what I believe to be right in any case."

Anyone who knows China, knows it took a very strong-minded woman to say that.

On inquiry we found that her husband, although a prosperous butcher, had forfeited his wife's confidence. For years he had lived a profligate life and at that time was supporting a mistress in another house. He only came to his home for his meals and for his clothes when they had been neatly washed and mended by his wife. She was considered a very loyal wife because she efficiently and uncomplainingly per-

formed these duties knowing that he was unfaithful.

Mao Third Sister-in-law now had to meet daily the sneers on the faces of her sisters-in-law who grew more and more sarcastic. However, her superior ability was recognized and the brothers-in-law made her head over the women in the household, the mother-in-law being dead and the eldest sister-in-law insane at times. You may imagine the difficulty of her position!

Mao Third Sister-in-law was very industrious and very frugal. Although the meat market in which the five brothers worked brought an abundance for the use of the family, she thought all spare time beyond the household duties and sewing should be employed by the women and girls of the family in spinning silk. She did not think they should be idle or occupy the time in gambling. Mao Big Brother, the eldest son and head of the family, agreed with her and supported her in enforcing this policy. When one goes into the Mao home in the middle of the afternoon it is like a factory. There are many young women in the family now. The second generation of men are bringing in their wives. In the afternoons each woman, young and old, may be found by her spinning wheel, or stitching on a shoe or a garment.

I wonder if Americans can imagine just how much work it takes to keep a family of thirty or more persons in shoes in a Chinese family. The shoes are made of cloth. The sole is made

of heavy cardboard and old rags that have been pasted together with starch. Then new cloth must cover this sole. In order to make it strong a very long strong hemp cord is stitched through the sole. The cord must be long enough to stitch the entire sole in order to make it very neat. It is difficult to get this heavy cord started through the cardboard in the first place, but that done, the maker must pull and pull until she gets that long cord through at each stitch. When the stitching is done she must bind the sole very neatly with a bias piece of cloth. If they are her own best shoes the uppers must be beautifully embroidered. This must also be done on the children's good shoes. The every-day shoes and the men's and boy's shoes are allowed to go plain. One of these pairs of shoes lasts only a month. Imagine the labor expended in this one part of the family wardrobe!

The fact that Mao Third Sister-in-law, because of her thrift and intelligence, had supplanted Mao First Sister-in-law as head of the women of the family was a bitter pill for that high tempered lady and she did not swallow it silently. When money was to be cared for in the home, Mao First Brother-in-law would give it to Mao Third Sister-in-law. One day in a rage his wife accused Third Sister-in-law of spending this money. Third Sister-in-law replied, "You may take a tooth for every dollar that is missing." When you knew what perfectly beautiful pearly teeth Third Sister-in-law had, you recognized the value of the penalty she offered.

Mao Third Sister-in-law had been brought up in the country. Her mother's home was a few miles outside the South Gate of Nanking. Not long after she came into the church she invited us to go to her parents' home. It was a thrifty farm house that we found and a very hospitable family. She was very anxious that her parents and brothers and their wives should know the gospel that had brought such joy and satisfaction into her life. She walked those miles that day on her little bound feet that they might hear that message. She, however, claims that her bound feet do not hurt her when she walks. She is the only one that I know among the thousands of bound footed women that I have met in my work, who has ever made that claim.

All the Chinese people love to give gifts. If they can supply some gift of food that we particularly like they consider themselves unusually fortunate. Mao Third Sister-in-law learned from our cook that we had difficulty in getting good cornmeal. So often the corn was plucked too soon and the meal would sour. No sooner had she heard this than she walked to her mother's home and carried back a supply of cornmeal for us. Ever since then she has kept us in cornmeal all winter. To offer to pay her is to insult her. We just have to find something that she needs or likes and make her a present of that.

Because of her zeal and her love and understanding of rural people we asked her to go with us on our country evangelizing trips. She was very helpful in her testimony to her joy in the

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salvation of Jesus Christ. She studied and prepared herself to do a very useful work.

We all considered Mao Third Sister-in-law a very honest straight-forward woman. She was so considered by all her acquaintances. One day I asked her to go and see a Christian woman who was in the Widow's Home and request her to do a certain piece of work in the church. A few days later I called to ask what the woman had said about it. She repeated a plausible conversation between herself and the woman in which the woman consented to do the work. After a few days Mao Third Sister-in-law came to see me. She looked very sad and distressed.

"I have come to confess to you that I told you a lie the other day. I had not even seen the woman whose conversation I repeated. I had neglected to go and see her. When you came and asked me what she had said I was so ashamed that I had not done that little thing you had requested of me that I pretended I had done it and told you what I supposed the woman would say under the circumstances. I lied. Will you please forgive me and will you ask God to forgive me?"

The old cowardly ego had asserted itself again in her experience. She had done what all the heathen around her do constantly without a qualm of conscience. Her conscience however had become sensitive from the Christian teaching she had received and she could find no peace of mind until she had confessed her sin. She did it at the risk of losing my faith in her.

But her conscience forced her to pay any price for right relations with God. How well I remember her depths of humiliation as she unsparingly related to me how she had lied to me. That confession revealed to me far more than she knew, far more than she herself understood, about the workings of her inner heart. It was a demonstration that the Spirit of God was working thoroughly in the recesses of her soul. She had been claimed by Him who had said: "No one shall be able to snatch them out of my hand."

CHAPTER XVI.

WAN HSING-LAN—THE MANCHU GIRL

Wan means King. Hsing-lan means Fragrant Orchid.

IT was my custom to ask my audiences at the women's meetings questions about the lesson of the preceding week before beginning a new talk. One Thursday as I was doing this at the South Gate a girl of eleven answered all my catechising. She was then able to reconstruct my address and give it so accurately that I was amazed. Naturally I was very anxious to know who this child was. She told me she lived next door and was the daughter of the Manchu lady who often attended our meetings. At that time we were living at the Drum Tower and going to the South Gate only on Thursdays.

We asked the child to come back the next week and bring her mother with her. This she did. We then asked the mother if it were not possible to send the child to school. She hardly thought so, she said, since she was the youngest of four girls and the other three had not been educated. It had never entered the mother's mind to educate fourth little sister. There was but one son in the family and he was receiving a very fine education as became the son of an official—for the father was a minor official.

The mother was a very intelligent woman. I invited her and the daughter to visit our girls' boarding school and introduced them to some of the pupils and teachers and also to Lady Hwan.

They were exposed to the school for a year or more before the virus took to the extent that they had a sufficiently strong desire to enter and take all the consequences.

One day Mrs. Wan, the mother, said to me:

"If my daughter enters that school she is almost sure to become a Christian." Mrs. Wan herself at that very time was longing to come into the church but had not the courage. "If she becomes a Christian I want her to marry a Christian. No woman could be a good Christian and a loyal daughter-in-law in a heathen family at the same time. She would have to perform ancestral worship and idolatrous rites if she married into a heathen home; these no true Christian could do."

"Mrs. Wan, there is no objection to your daughter marrying a Christian, that I can see. If she becomes an educated girl I am sure she will be sought by young men educated in Christion schools," was my reply.

"Yes," answered the mother, "and the only thing I ask is that he will be good to her and able to support her." Because in the early days the Chinese Christians were from the very poor families, many of the well-to-do classes were slow in getting over the idea that they were still always so.

"Mrs. Wan," I said, "see what fine positions the young men equipped with a western education are now able to command. They hold positions of trust and are well paid for doing so."

"True," said Mrs. Wan. "I know that is true

now. I have no objection to her marrying a Christian. I only want to face all the possibilities with my eyes open."

The daughter entered our boarding school and was given the name Hsing-lan which means Fragrant Orchid. On entering an institution of learning, every pupil is given a school name by the school authorities. Many Chinese have four or five names during the course of their lives. There is the milk name, given to the baby by its parents. This name is kept a sort of family secret lest the demons that infest the air should hear it and call the child's spirit away while it is still young and unwary. Therefore the children are designated as Big Brother, Brother Number Two, Brother Number Three, etc. In the Wan family the girls were called Wan Big Sister, Wan Second Sister, Wan Third Sister, and my protegee had been called Wan Fourth Sister.

True to her mother's prediction, when she had been in school a few years, she wanted to be baptized and enter the church. Her mother was very willing, but her father's consent was to be won. The pastor of the church went to present the matter to him. He was most courteous, as gentlemen in his position are almost sure to be.

"But," he said, "my daughter is far too young to make so important a decision."

"How old do you think she should be?" asked the pastor.

"She should wait a year at least," was the best concession that could be obtained.

"Yes, I know about Christianity," said Mr. Wan. "My wife is a Christian." In spite of the fact that from fear of him she had not yet come into the church, her life in the home was such that he called it Christian. And so it was.

The pastor reported his interview with her father to Hsing-lan and she was sad. But she marked that day on her calendar. In just one year she came to Miss Lyon, the principal of the school, and said: "Now, I want to be baptized!"

"Has your father given his consent?"

"He said I would have to wait a year. I have done it. If I ask him again he will have to refuse. He could not be a true Buddhist and not do so. If I am baptized now, and he objects I can say, 'You said I must wait a year and I obeyed.' That will spare him the embarrassment of either giving his consent or refusing it and will save his face. I can take the blame."

As Hsing-lan was now about sixteen her request was granted, and her mother soon followed her example.

After graduating from the high school with honor she taught in it for a time.

One day when I went to see Miss Lyon, she told me that Hsing-lan wished to see me privately. She was called and we went into the little study where she told me her problem.

"I presume you do not know," she said, "that every time I go home on vacation my brother has one or more eligible young men whom he considers highly desirable for me to marry." The family had moved to Shanghai a few years

before. "My brother says this one is very rich, or that one is very clever, and the other one belongs to a very famous family, or still another has two of these advantages, or perhaps still another has them all. None of these inducements has ever influenced me in the least. I never would see any of the young men whom he recommended.

" I have seen the difference between heathen and Christian families. My sister," just next older than herself, "has made what Chinese call a very good match. Her husband can support her well; he is a gentleman; he is kind to her, and she does not have to live with her mother-in-law. I have been in my sister's home. They are very polite to each other. In fact they are too polite. They treat each other like guests. Last Christmas holidays I spent my vacation in a Christian family. They treat each other like companions. That is the kind of a home I want.

"In the medical college here there is a young man, a Christian, in the senior class. He is asking for my hand. The first time I saw him I was not at all interested. But the second time I noticed that he had a very straight-forward, honest manner. He is not an ordinary young man. I know him now sufficiently well to believe that I will reach my highest development in a home with him. He has such a strong character, too, that I think he may be able to influence my brother to become a Christian."

She very dearly loved her brother. She did not mention love, but I could see it shining in her

eyes every time she referred to Mr. Djen. To thus discuss matters of the heart was a most un-Chinesy thing for her to do. Chinese girls rarely do it. It showed that she, herself, was very straight-forward.

"My mother and brother," she continued, "are coming up from Shanghai soon to see this young man and to consider an engagement. You have more influence with my mother than anyone else. Will you please inform yourself of this young man, and if you think you can speak in his favor, I shall be very grateful."

This I promised to do. I saw some of his teachers in the medical school. They all agreed that he was a very splendid young man, at the head of his class both in scholarship and character.

When the mother arrived she did just as Hsing-lan knew she would. She came to me.

"You know this young man," she said, "I don't. If you say he is a suitable man to be the husband of my daughter, I shall agree to the engagement."

That was a big responsibility to assume. I could only tell her what his teachers and those who knew him said of him and assure her that I knew them to be most reliable persons and discerning in reading character.

The brother had other standards, and I think would have been much happier (for a time) if he could have persuaded his sister to accept a husband of his choosing, but he knew something of the strong mind of his sister and submitted fairly graciously.

The engagement pact was signed; the gifts of jewelry to the fiancee presented and the congratulatory feasts given by friends. Mrs. Wan, according to custom, sent out announcements in the form of little packages of nuts and preserved fruits.

Hsing-lan insisted upon becoming really acquainted with her fiance and in planning with him the new home which was to be theirs, whereas the old Chinese etiquette prescribes absolutely no intercourse between engaged couples, and all plans are made by the parents. Dr. Djen and Hsing-lan spent many happy hours together, learning to know each other as they worked out many plans for their wedding and for the home which they were preparing. To be sure their meetings all took place in the home of Miss Lyon and Hwang Tai-tai sat in an adjoining room to give proper chaperonage to the young couple.

The girls in the girls' school were much impressed by this modern courtship, and the romance of it all was as thrilling to them as if it had been a real Romeo and Juliet affair.

In due time the marriage was solemnized. The wedding took place in the pretty old Drum Tower church and was closely modeled after an American church wedding, with bridesmaids, flower girls, ring bearer and all. The bride was lovely in her pale pink satin gown embroidered in most exquisite Chinese style, while the bridegroom in his dress suit and high silk hat might have been a product of an American or English

university. Instead of bowing down before the ancestral tablets as the final seal of their union, this modern Chinese pair left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March played upon the little chapel organ by one of the young women of the mission.

The very elaborate and delicious wedding feast was held in the open air gymnasium at the girls' school. Dr. Djen and Hsing-lan passed from table to table to greet their guests and receive their congratulations and we all felt that Hsing-lan had made no mistake in managing her own marriage.

Dr. Djen is a most successful physician. He now practices in the hospital where he took his training. They have a home with happy children and Hsing-lan has her heart's desire—a husband who is a real companion.

CHAPTER XVII.

DJOU SAO-DSI—THE ZEALOT

Djou means Complete. Sao-dsi means Sister-in-law.

WE made a special trip outside of our own district to meet Djou Sao-dsi. While in the village of Tan Tswein (Scalding Springs—thus named because of the hot springs there) a woman who had once been our landlady—a fishwife—spoke of Djou Sao-dsi in most glowing terms.

The fishwife was a confirmed heathen, though her friendship for us was unfailing. In spite of all our efforts she continued to gamble, use vile language and practice idolatry. On this particular visit to Tan Tswein she asked if we knew Djou Sao-dsi. We asked who Djou Sao-dsi was and where she lived. She lived she said, in a village four miles away and was a most earnest Christian according to her estimate. "She is a Christian! A truly, zealous Christian!" emphasized our informant.

This emphatic praise from one so indifferent to Christianity aroused our curiosity. The next day we rode on donkeys five miles to Djou Sao-dsi's village. We found she lived outside the village a little way and was a poor farmer's wife. In fact they were so poor that they were living in a very dilapidated house on an abandoned piece of land. The former tenants had left it because it was low and flooded so frequently that they could not make a living. Djou Sao-dsi

was a plain looking woman, but we soon discovered that she was a wide-awake one. We had Gospel primars with us, little books prepared like an ordinary primar with the easy characters used in the first lessons and used so frequently that the reader must become familiar with them. On looking over this primar, Djou Sao-dsi exclaimed: "Why, if I had this book, I could learn to read. I could learn to read the Bible."

"Of course you can learn to read," we encouraged, "and you will."

She accepted the primar as a gift with as much joy and show of gratitude as though we had presented her with a valuable gift, as indeed we had. Although it cost but three cents it was to her the key which unlocked an unknown world—the world of all the past and present, known only through books. She had looked with so much longing, indeed with awe, upon those who were able to explore that world, that to be possessed with a key that would possibly admit her was something so beyond any former expectation that her joyful surprise gladdened all our hearts.

She took us to the little church that the Christians had built with their own efforts and largely by their own hands. Its walls were mud and the roof thatch and bare mother earth furnished the floor. At first each attendant had carried his own bench when he went to worship, or had stood. To me this was a house of God as sacred as any in which I had ever worshiped and I had visited the grandest and most beautiful cathedrals of Europe as well as many of the costly

churches in America. This little mud structure erected by that small group in the midst of heathenism, of which they had so lately been an integral part, had probably cost them more in real sacrifice and submission to ridicule than the grandest church erected in a Christian land could possibly cost its members.

If you could have seen Djou Sao-dsi's face shine with pride as she showed us the place and told us about its erection, you would have known she had a heavy investment there.

After the service had been held in this sacred place, Djou Sao-dsi started to escort us on our return trip. When the crowds had been left behind, I asked, "Djou Sao-dsi how did you become a Christian?"

"Oh, I came a long hard way," she said and hesitated as though it were a burden to review it again. After a little, however, she began.

"We left Shantung in time of famine," she said. "We were famine refugees. We had to beg on the journey. One evening when I asked a woman for food she cursed me so that I thought it would kill me. Though I knew not God, I promised in my heart if I ever had a shelter over my head, even the rudest hut, I would be kind to my fellowmen and worship all the gods I knew. My husband was always a very religious man. After coming here he had a severe spell of sickness. We thought he was going to die. He made a vow that if he should recover he would make the pilgrimage to the sacred mountain, Djiu Wha Shan, for three suc-

cessive years. He made the pilgrimage the first year. It required forty days to make the return trip. He must have food for the journey and a worthy gift to present to the god on his arrival. It required all that the entire family could earn. He and his two brothers and myself worked early and late to provide for that journey."

Alas! It is impossible for us to imagine the hardships of such a journey. These pilgrims walk all day long and carry their bedding and luggage. At night they must lie on the ground in some crude inn. When people are as poor as Mr. Djou, they eat the coarsest food and do not have sufficient of that. These pilgrims know what real sacrifice for their religion means.

Djou-Sao-dsi continued her story:

"My husband had made his first pilgrimage. By means of the strictest economy—by denying ourselves food and wearing our rags we had saved up enough for the second pilgrimage. He started out again with his luggage and our year's savings. On the way he met a Christian. This Christian showed him a new way. He was convinced that this new way was **The Way** and he returned home. I cannot tell you the surprise and fear and anger and utter dismay I felt when he told his story. I was sure he had fallen into the deepest delusion and that we should all be cursed with the most hideous curse that the gods could devise, because my husband had broken his vow. He tried to explain to me, but I would put my fingers in my ears and scream. When

he would read the Bible I thought I should go insane. I spent nights in futile tears.

"I never gave up trying to dissuade my husband from the error of his way. He heeded me not. 'Your vow,' I would cry. 'Think of you breaking your vow!' I tried to persuade. I scolded, I stormed. He was always patient with me, but I would never listen to him. I was sure he had gone mad. Someone had given him a pill that induced belief in the foreign religion; he had eaten it in an unwary moment. Oh, what curse was in store for us!

"I cried to all the gods I knew and promised to perform my husband's vow for him. Through all that year I saved and nearly worked my fingers to the bone that I might make the pilgrimage the next year and possibly avert the curse that must otherwise fall upon us.

"The time for the pilgrimage came. I walked my first day's trip—twenty-five miles and went to an inn in Pukow for the night. Before midnight I took violently ill. I was tortured with such agonizing pain that I felt sure I could not live until morning. Then it came to me that I was the sinner; that my husband had found the true way and I was unwilling to heed him. I would not even permit him to explain to me. I was determined to walk in the way of error in spite of everything and now God had arrested my steps. He would not permit me to make this pilgrimage to a false god!

"I cried for mercy. I cried for forgiveness. 'Oh, God,' I prayed, 'if you will forgive me and heal me I will serve you and you only.' I re-

peated this prayer for hours. People heard me and came to me and said I was insane.

"At daylight, relief came. The agonizing pain left me and I knew God had forgiven me. I turned my face homeward and could scarcely wait until I reached my husband to tell him of my new found joy. From that time I learned of my husband and the Christian preachers who came, and last year I walked sixty miles to Chuchow and back again that I might receive Christian baptism."

I determined to cultivate Djou Sao-dsi. The fact that she so impressed the fishwife was sufficient evidence to convince me that if she had more knowledge and training she could lead her sisters.

On our next trip to Tan Tswein, sure enough she had plowed through the primer with her husband's help and was ready for the next book. She invited me to her home that time and showed me the clean mats they wove of reeds to make a living, because of the uncertainty of their crops.

In time she came into our Woman's Bible Training School and was an apt pupil, considering her age and background. She loved her Lord and she wanted to understand His Book in spite of all the difficulties.

Later, she and her husband joined a more emotional group of Christians. This was but natural perhaps, as they were both of the highly emotional type. Yet, wherever they are, I am sure they will both work for their Lord according to their light.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YANG SU-NIANG—THE FAMINE WORKER

Yang means Willow. Su-niang means a teacher's bride, a title given to the wives of literary men in the north of China—equivalent to Mrs.

IN the autumn of 1920 all of us who lived in China knew there would be a terrible famine. The failure of crops over such large areas in Shantung, Chili and Honan could spell nothing else to vast multitudes of people who live on such a narrow margin that in the best of years their poverty is unimaginable to Americans who have never lived in China.

We all began planning how we could contribute most to the need of the people. We knew that as soon as the Christian people of the world realized the conditions they would respond with gifts of money. We knew that the big problem would be to convert that money into food and get it to the starving millions in far isolated places before it was too late. We knew this had to be done by people who could speak the language of the people—the Mandarin. So, even though we were hundreds of miles away from the famine area our programs were built up in the autumn with that need in view.

I reasoned thus: "The local workers will put every ounce of energy into meeting the need this winter. They are more likely to need help in the spring when they are worn out." So it proved; when I offered my services in March

to the Relief Committee in Peking, they told me the workers in Paotingfu had applied for a woman worker. Miss Phelps, who had organized a large relief work among women and girls, had broken down under the strain.

I arrived in Paotingfu on Saturday evening, April 2nd. The next morning I said to Miss Breck of the American Board Mission, with whom I had been billeted, "The first place I should like to visit in Paotingfu is the martyr cemetery, if that is possible."

In 1900 during the Boxer trouble all the missionaries in Poatingfu with their children and many Chinese Christians had been slain. This bloody page of history had so etched itself in my brain at the time of its occurrence that it was the one thing I associated with Paotingfu.

There are two martyr cemeteries in Paotingfu. Miss Breck conducted me to the smaller, which was nearest, outside the South Gate. Here lie the bodies of Horace Tracey Pitkin and the women he tried to defend, along with the bodies of some China Inland Missionaries and their children and a number of Chinese Christians, more than twenty altogether. This is indeed Holy Ground. As I read the names on small, simple, marble markers, all alike, the deepest emotions swept my breast. I remembered the horrible tales that reached us refugees in Shanghai twenty years before, and could scarcely realize that now in this quiet resting place I was so near the ashes of these who "gave the last full

measure of devotion" that the people of Paotingfu might know Christ.

Turning to Miss Breck I said, "Have you any Chinese people near at hand who were intimately acquainted with the happenings of those days?"

"Yes, Yang Su-niang, the woman now in charge of the Industrial Home for the famine refugees knows," she replied.

"Introduce me to her," I requested.

She took me to the enclosure adjoining the church grounds which had been rented for temporary occupation. Here Yang Su-niang presided over the activities of one hundred and forty women and girls ranging in age from sixteen to seventy, who had been received to prevent them from starving.

"Yang Su-niang," I asked, as soon as I had been formally presented to the dainty little woman with a shining face, "were you here at the time of the Boxer trouble, and will you tell me about it?"

A cloud of sadness immediately eclipsed the shining features, and she hesitated. I saw at once that I had requested a difficult thing.

She began slowly. "I had my education in the girls' school here. After completing the eighth grade I taught in the primary. I was married young, but I continued to teach. My first little child, a boy, was three months old when terrible rumors filled the city and country to the effect that all foreigners and all Chinese Christians were to be murdered." It was difficult for her

to go on. "My father-in-law came for me and demanded that I go with him to our country home ten miles away. I did not want to go. I felt it was cowardly to leave my fellow workers when they were in such danger. But in that day a daughter-in-law had no choice; she must obey her father-in-law. With a breaking heart I left my dearest friends on earth and started, carrying my baby, on the ten mile journey. My father-in-law was with me. On the way we met four Boxers, but they did not suspect us of being Christians and paid no attention to us."

Again she hesitated for a long time. When she began her voice was choking. "My friends here were all killed the next day. I felt like a deserter—a traitor. I felt I had no right to be living when all my co-workers had shed their blood for the cause for which we had all been working. I had no peace. My suffering was intolerable until one night I had a dream. Indeed I believe it was a vision. Miss Morrell, my old teacher stood before me. She looked right into my eyes and said, 'Your work is not yet done.' After that I had a very different feeling about it all. I thought, as far as in me lay I must carry on for them all. I have tried to do it and I have had peace."

As I worked with Yang Su-niang in the months that followed I had an opportunity to observe one of the greatest characters it has been my privilege to know; one molded with "sorrow's heavy hand."

In the Industrial Home where she presided

over the one hundred and forty women and girls from the poorest of the poor and the most ignorant of the ignorant there was order and peace. One day I said to Miss Breck, "To me it is perfectly marvelous that we can have that many women and girls together from the lowest grade of society and have such order. I never hear them quarrel. One half of them is studying all the time and one half working. Often when I go in, those working are singing the hymns they have learned here. They are all happy and smiling."

Miss Breck smiled. "I wish you could have seen them when they came in November. A more unpromising lot I never saw. Women of sixty years of age had never had a bath in all their lives. It was one of the requirements for entrance that they take a bath once a week. Think how hungry they must have been to consent to that! They shouted at each other. They quarrelled. They did not know how to live together in a group. The problems were tremendous. All the order and discipline you see is the work of Yang Su-niang."

As I observed this woman and worked with her day after day my wonder grew. It is no easy matter to find half-time work for one hundred and forty women as an emergency measure —work too that they can do. For the sake of discipline the women must be kept busy. Yang Su-niang's resources were great. Thousands of garments had to be made for the destitute in those large districts for which the American

Board Mission was responsible. She bought white cloth and had the women dye it. She bought raw cotton, and those who could do nothing else twisted it into thread. All the garments were made with this thread. Those who could sew made garments. Those who could not made shoe soles. It takes a long time to make a shoe sole. Thousands of pairs were made in the Industrial Home, though they had to be sold for the merest pittance.

Miss Phelps had been very anxious to try out the phonetic script on illiterate women. The famine furnished an unprecedented opportunity. From funds entirely provided by her friends and those who believed in her scheme, she fed five hundred women for seven months on condition that they study the phonetic script. The one hundred and forty who were given an abiding place in the Industrial Home studied it six half days in the week. Of these, eighty percent learned to read. Of the three hundred and sixty who studied a half day for three days of the week, one out of two learned to read. By the time I arrived, a sufficient number could read that Mrs. Yang could keep them interested and happy in reading to others or teaching the songs to those not so far advanced.

Many women from the New England Missionary Societies sent us parcels of new scraps and pieces of material that could be used for piecing quilts. This work was turned over to me on my arrival. Having been brought up in the country in an old-fashioned way, I had been taught to

sew by a great aunt who had me piece quilts. This part of my education was finished before I was twelve years old, as I had completed eleven quilts at that age.

At once I began to delve in my memory for those old quilt patterns. Some of them were buried very deep, but ultimately I was able to dig them all up. Friends responded to requests for patterns; some also had been put among the pieces.

All these new patterns delighted Yang Su-niang. She knew who could sew well enough to be put on the best ones. And we soon learned how inexact some of them were. Did you ever think of the **moral** value of quilt making? I never had before. If you do not cut true the work is spoiled. If the seams are not all of the same width it is evident at once. The blocks will not be the same size and cannot be used together. It is self-corrective material, and Yang Su-niang recognized this and rejoiced in it. The women made ninety-six quilts. These were sold for their benefit. When we were closing our work Yang Su-niang said to me, "Miss Kelly, I would like a pattern of every kind of quilt we made; not because I have a covetous heart, but that I may be ready when the next famine comes."

Think of it! She was already looking ahead to the next famine! Perhaps if one had been through several she would get the habit of expecting them.

A little incident occurred that showed how awake she was to every opportunity. A fight

took place between the gateman and my jinrickisha man and the latter gave the former a bloody nose. The gateman's place was a difficult one as he had to keep all stragglers out of the church compound as that was where the stores of grain were piled for those who came from distant districts. This necessity had made the old gateman very autocratic, and he sometimes disputed the right of people to go in, who had business there—my rickisha man being an example.

The old man was very sorry for himself and appealed to Yang Su-niang for redress. This was Yang Su-niang's chance.

"Lao Chang," she said. "You have been very impolite to people at that gate for a long time. I have tried to get you to be kinder; others have tried to get you to change. You heeded none of us. Now, God has sent this heathen to punish you and give you what you deserve."

Yang Su-niang stayed with the women so constantly day and night that I was afraid her health would be impaired. One day I said, "Yang Su-niang, I want you to go out two afternoons a week. You may choose your own days. I will stay here and look after things in your absence."

"But, I do not want to go out two afternoons a week," she said in surprise.

"Yang Su-niang, it is going to be warmer from now on and more enervating. I want you to keep well until this work closes in June."

"I will keep well till the work closes. I knew when we undertook this work in the autumn that it was going to be very hard and that I

would need special strength for it; so I asked God to give it to me and he has done so. He will give me strength to the end."

"Yes, He will if we be sane," I replied. "He has sent me here to help you. One way I can do it is by letting you go out and get a change of thinking."

Rather reluctantly she got ready the next Tuesday afternoon and went out. To my joy she stayed until dark. The next morning when I went back to the home, she said, "I am not going out Friday afternoon." (She had named Tuesdays and Fridays as the days she would go.)

"Why not?" I asked in consternation.

"A suit of clothes was stolen while I was out yesterday." What a reproach on my caretaking!

"Dear Yang Su-niang, your health is of more value than a suit of clothes. You must get rest."

She did go out occasionally after that, but more often she took her rest by slipping out after night when the women did not know it and coming over to our home where she would take a bath in the tub and sleep in a comfortable bed away from her one hundred and forty charges and then go back to them in the morning refreshed.

The women in the Industrial Home adored her. She led many of them to Christ. The little woman who felt she had no right to live when her companions were killed has been true to the vision vouchsafed her, and every day is filled with joyful service for her Master because she believes her work is not yet done.

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